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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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FANNY WARD AS SHE WAS.

IT IS RUMORED THAT THE WIFE OF DIAMOND JOE LEWIS WILL GO ON THE STAGE AGAIN.



RICHARD K. FOX,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

Saturday, March 17, 1906.

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FREE SUPPLEMENT WITH THIS ISSUE:
JIMMY KELLY AND WILLIE LEWIS.

MISCELLANEOUS SPORTS.

The Boston American League Club has released Catcher Frank Owens.

First Baseman Charley Carr, late of Cleveland, has signed a Cincinnati contract.

Pitcher Charley McFarland has signed with the Cardinals for the coming campaign at last year's salary.

Frank Gotch and Fred Beel will shortly settle the question of supremacy on the mat—probably at Buffalo, N. Y.

August Belmont has again been appointed head of the New York State Racing Commission by Governor Higgins.

The Cleveland Club has signed Catcher Howard Wakefield, also Pitcher Ralph Cadwalader, drafted from Sioux City.

Bergenia, 2:18½, the well-known brood mare, is dead. She was by Bermuda Boy, 2:30½, and was the dam of several fast ones.

Robert Fulton, stroke oar of a crew that represented Canada and won the championship at Paris, France, in 1867, died recently in St. John, N. B.

Alexander Munro, the famous Scotch wrestler, will visit this country shortly, with a view of encountering the leading exponents of the art in the United States.

The new rule that starting judges will have to be licensed will bar out many horsemen who have been called on to act in that capacity at harness racing events in the past.

An invitation has been received by the Anglo-Canadian Rugby football team, of Toronto, from the Chicago League of Rugby Football, to send over a team in April to play an exhibition game in that city.

C. M. Daniels, who did such remarkable swimming in the Amateur Athletic Union championship races recently, at the New York A. C., will swim in England after the Olympic games, in Athens, next Summer.

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RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
New York City.

ARTISTIC COMEDIENNES

—BRIEF PARAGRAPHS ABOUT THE ENTERTAINERS—

CLEVER COMEDIANS

Interesting Items About the People Who Are on the Bills
of the Continuous and Variety Houses.

BRIEF CONTRIBUTIONS SOLICITED FOR THIS COLUMN

The Musical Holbrooks are Meeting With Success—Caroline Kelley MacCord to Enter Vaudeville—Golden and Hughes Make a Hit.

Edward Lang, formerly of the Gotham City Quartette, and wife, after touring Australia, China, Japan, Philippine Islands and South Africa, are return-



Photo by Ellis: London, England

LILY HAROLD.

A Charming English Actress whose Perfect Figure is the Admiration of the "Johnnies."

ing to America, en route for London, where they are booked to appear at the principal music halls in England and the continent.

The Ross Sisters, singers, are playing with big success through the middle West. They will stay there until April, when they will return East to play parks.

The Esterbrooks are on the Mozart circuit, meeting with success. They will soon produce some new music and original novelties, with a new military finish.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Keley produced a new sketch, entitled "Brewing Trouble," at the St. Charles Orpheum, New Orleans, La., which was an instant success.

Eugene West and wife (Catherine Henry) after a season as leading man and woman for Dick P. Sutton, have entered vaudeville, and are on the Consolidated circuit, appearing very successfully in "A Stammered Proposal."

Frank I. Frayne, who has been making a hit playing the Chinese servant, in the sketch, "Just Dorothy," with S. Miller Kent, will be seen next season in a new sketch, supported by his wife and Master Frankie entitled "A Chinaman's Troubles."

Josef Yarrick continues to mystify with his Magic Kettle, and receives excellent notices in all cities. His new act, "The Aerial Couch," promises to outdo even the Magic Kettle in point of interest and mystery, for it is certainly a very clever conception.

Fred and Annie Pelot have just concluded a successful engagement over the Keith circuit.

Cahn and Grant have signed a contract to book their vaudeville acts through B. F. Keith.

The Marquands report big success, and have just closed with the Stoddard Stock Company.

Jess Goodo, the well-known wire performer, will be seen with a circus again the coming season.

Roy M. Feltus has been engaged for another season as assistant manager of the Forepaugh-Sells Shows.

Lew Goetz, of Goetz Brothers, has joined hands with John Curran. Goetz and Curran will do their same act.

The Musical Holbrooks are doing well on the New England circuit, presenting their up-to-date refined musical act.

Acker and Collins, in their trick rifle and pistol shooting and comedy musical act, have been meeting with success.

The Millmar Brothers, acrobats, have agreed to separate. Charles will do the same act with his wife, Gypsy Meredith.

George Westford, the Australian ventriloquist, reports making a laughing hit at the International Theatre, Chicago.

La Clair and West report meeting with success in their new act, "A Drop Into Society," and are booked solid until the last of May.

Sylvester Z. Poll has completed arrangements for the erection of a theatre in Jersey City, and also in Scranton and Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Jack and Gilda Cannon report meeting with success presenting their comedy and singing act at Bradenburgh's Museum, Philadelphia.

Martin and Quigg, the original "Man and a Half," have returned from Europe, after a successful engagement over the Moss & Stoll circuit.

La Centra and La Rue are the latest addition to Harry Koster's High Flyers Company. Their electric dining table is meeting with success.

Murray and Alden have a return date at the Boston Theatre, Lowell, Mass. They have joined the Battling Nelson Company, in vaudeville.

Billy Beard, "The Party From The South," principal comedian with Haverly's Minstrels, reports great success on the Coast and through the West.

Dick Ferguson and Grace Passmore are booked for twelve weeks on the Orpheum circuit. They play San Francisco and Los Angeles in July.

Clarence Powell's Real Negro Minstrels will go out again next Summer, playing parks only, with twenty members. The time is nearly all booked.

Howard and Cameron joined the Black Crook Jr. Burlesquers to do their acrobatic comedy sketch, "An Irish Servant," and also work in the burlesque.

Master Arthur Grant, who is with the Charles K. Champlin Stock Company, is making a big hit with his buck and wing dancing, which he has been doing all season.

Adams and Edwards, who severed their connection with the High Flyers Company, are with the Western Vaudeville Managers' Association, and are booked until May 14.

Louise Taylor, who for several seasons has been a feature of the well-known operatic vaudeville team, Adam and Land Taylor, both here and in London, has retired from her association with Mr. Adam and Land, and is no longer appearing with him.

George F. Howard, formerly of Howard and Mareno, and later of Howard and Roberts, has joined Phil Sheridan's City Sports Burlesque Company.

RECORDS! RECORDS!

Every actor should have a copy of the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1906, illustrated, because it contains facts they ought to know. Six 2-cent Stamps gets it.

to do leading Dutch parts in the burlesque, for the rest of the season. Muriel Roberts will play dates alone, being booked in all the best houses in the East.

The D'Arville Sisters, who have been playing vaudeville engagements in the West with success, will be featured in one of Rowland & Clifford's productions next season.

Commodore Foote and Sister, Illiputians, who recently arrived home from their Eastern trip, are stopping for the Winter with their sister, Mrs. C. Brooks, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Archie Boyd, while recently playing at the Academy of Music, Haverhill, Mass., was given a reception by about one hundred and fifty of the local Elks, of which he is a charter member.

Golden and Hughes, who finished eighteen weeks for the Western Vaudeville Managers' Association, four weeks over the Kohl & Castle circuit, to big success, have ten weeks booked on the Coast.

McGee and Collins closed with Dodge-Bowman Vaudeville Company, and are now playing dates, booked by Western Vaudeville Association, introducing their new act, "A Colored High Ball."

Bonnie Gaylord, "The Girl From Posey Corner," after closing a successful tour of the Castle and Anderson circuits, opened on the Orpheum circuit, at Salt Lake City, with the entire circuit to follow.

Horton and Williams, German Comedians, have separated. Al Williams will join hands with the Four Harts, in their gymnastic act, entitled "A Lively Time in Schneider's Club," introducing boxing, bag punching and comedy.

John R. Fettus, who was with the advance of Ringling Brothers' Shows last season, is now advance agent of Shipp's Indoor Circus. Shipp's season closes about the middle of March, when he goes with the Hagenbeck Show.

Caroline Kelley MacCord, who, for the past three seasons has been quite successful in comic opera and musical comedies, has decided to enter vaudeville, having secured a sketch from Frank A. Ferguson, entitled "No Man for Dinner."

Ranzetta and Be Lair are with Charles H. Yale's "Devil's Auction" Company, doing their pantomime and comedy acrobatic act, and are meeting with great success. They will finish the season with this company on or about May 1.

Brobst Trio, after closing a very successful engagement of seven weeks on the Nash circuit at Superior, Wis., were engaged for the rest of the season with the Western Vaudeville Association. Their time is being filled up to next October.

W. A. Bohme and Mlle. Camille, who recently finished twenty-five weeks in vaudeville, are



LITTLE AGNES CHAMPNEY.

She may be Physically Small, but She has a Voice that More than Compensates.

now playing the Kohl & Castle circuit. At the close of this engagement the team dissolves, Miss Camille having signed with the Great Wallace Shows.

Keenello, late of the team of Sylvester and Keenello, will produce, for the first time on any stage, a complete novelty in the way of an aerial contortion act, entitled "The Golden Spider on the Silver Web," with beautiful mechanical and electrical effects.

ALL WOMEN Should Get a Copy of Belle Gordon's Physical Culture Book---Only Seven 2-cent Stamps

GLIMPSSES OF GOTHAM

Here's an Oriental Story That Will Prove Interesting,
Rung in Just by Way of a Change.

THE GIRL WHO WAS LOCKED IN.

She Was Chinese and Was a Damsel Bought in 'Frisco by a Tough
Chink Who Was Too Strong to Work.

BY IKE SWIFT.

No. 20.



IKE SWIFT.

IT'S just one little step—in New York, anyhow—from the Caucasian to the Oriental. As a matter of fact it's only across the street, and that doesn't count for any distance at all. The Chinese have settled down on that little part of the city which is split into wedge-shaped blocks by Mott, Pell and Doyer streets, very much like a flock of birds alight on some tree, and with apparently as little reason. They have brought with them their manners, their customs, their habits and their traditions. They have imported their own gods, and even the furniture for the joss houses. They have introduced to American men and women

the choicest of their Oriental vices, that of opium smoking, and they have provided places where their patrons may enjoy the drug. They wash your shirts and iron your collars; they take your money and smile at you; they go to your Sunday schools and sing hymns in queer cracked voices that would be worth big money to a comedian, and they profess to be converted to your way of thinking, but they are smooth and wise.

They are never weaned from the worship of Confucius or Tao, or Buddha, as the case may be, but don't you see when a Chinese wants to learn the language of the people with whom he lives, it is very nice to have as a teacher a nice looking girl, and the English of the Bible is no different than any other English. So, by saying he has forsworn the gods and the faith of his fathers, he gets his education directly from the red lips of a daughter of the white devils, and sometimes he puts on the finishing touches by marrying her.

Can you beat it? Much he thinks of women, for in that Empire from whence he comes a woman is a chattel a bit of merchandise, worth so much in money or goods, as the case may be, and he buys her as a white man buys a horse. She is his wife, his mistress, or his servant, and the price fluctuates accordingly.

When Yen Gow, the slickest Oriental that ever cooked a pill, hit Mott street for the first time, he noticed that there were very few women of his race in the colony, and being a man who made money, no matter by what means, he considered it was an evil that he was in duty bound to remedy. He had a varied career, and among other things being an expert, he had taught American women how to smoke "hop."

Incidentally, it is pat to say here that Yen Gow represents a man and not a dummy, and that this story is absolutely true in every detail and is very far removed from fiction. If you haven't what you want, get it, it is a maxim practiced by a certain class of people in all countries in the world whose methods, both from a moral as well as a legal standpoint, are not considered to be exactly right. So being shy one female of his own blood and color, Yen took a 3,000 mile ride to 'Frisco to remedy the defect. No one knows just how deep he had to dig for that slant-eyed lady, dressed in the clothes of a boy, whom he smuggled into the top floor of a Mott street tenement one night. But it was his investment, and he spent his money like another man would buy ground, or buildings.

He fitted the room up with couches and curtains and furniture, but first of all he fitted a good, strong lock to the door that couldn't be tampered with either from the inside or outside unless one had the key. There was only one key and he had it. When you buy property that has feet you are not inclined to take chances.

Having attended to all of the details that he considered necessary, and frightened the lady by telling her that the people of New York were cannibals who liked nothing better than Mongolian flesh, he began to do business.

THE GREATEST ON THE GLOBE.

The 1906 Police Gazette Sporting Annual. It's the best ever, and there's 30 full-page photos of Sports. Its equal is not published. Richard K. Fox, Publisher, New York City.

He first lounged into the fan-tan joint of Hop Lee on Pell street. "Have you ever heard of Moy Sen?" he asked. "Moy Sen; who is she?" "Who is she? Were you born yesterday? There are three hundred and twenty girls in 'Frisco, and they are as little like Moy Sen as the earth is like the sun. Why, the viceroy of the Shang-tuan province heard of

in the world as love, but she began to hate with a fierceness and vindictiveness that any woman is capable of when she has been wronged, not matter of what race or nationality she may be.

Revenge follows closely on the heels of a woman's hate, and it is always deadly. One woman can hate another woman and still smile on her as if she was the dearest and best friend in the world, while she is waiting to let go her poisoned shaft. But she has no smiles for the man she hates any more than a cat will purr when it has just had an encounter with a dog.

Many a night when the sight-seeing crowds were going through Chinatown's streets the girl looked at her captor, and let her tapering hand slip inside the loose fold of her silk blouse until it caressed the jade handle of a long, thin and keen-edged blade. If he had known how near death he was he would have put his back against the wall and pulled out that big American revolver he always carried in his sash. But not knowing he went along with his head up in the clouds.

Because her heart was the heart of a woman she stopped feeling for the knife and set her mind on other things, such as any caged animal would under the circumstances. It was finally concentrated on the key—that slim piece of metal which he never let out of his keeping day or night. It gave her courage to live the life she was leading, and the thought spurred her on, for at last she had an object.

The long, lean, gray wolf of the prairies will follow its prey for days. Hungry and thirsty and tired it will trail like a shadow, never once deviating from the



HE HAD OFTEN TAUGHT AMERICAN WOMEN HOW TO SMOKE "HOP."

her and sent an envoy with nothing to do but look at her and if she was what they said she was, to bring her back even if it cost him ten thousand taels.

"Did he get her?" "Can a child get a rainbow? She heard he was coming, so she dressed in the clothes of a working boy and ran away to New York." He stepped a little closer and whispered: "She is here now."

Then he cunningly told his story, and when he had finished he had made it clearly understood for what purpose she was here, and added further that being an utter stranger she had placed herself under his care. "Now, if you care to see her I will take you."

Nothing could be simpler—nor plainer. In figuring up his profits—which were large—Yen Gow got into the habit of multiplying them by two, and then mentally cursing himself because he had not bought two slaves instead of one. With no conscience and no morals, he was a thing of stone whose only thought was the easy acquirement of money. If, by cutting off a finger or an ear from his chattel he could have increased her value, he would have done it with as little compunction as lopping off a chicken's head.

When the money didn't come in fast enough he took to beating her, and it wasn't long before the slim, brown body of the girl began to take on bluish spots where the knots in the rope had struck and left their imprint. She had never known there was such a thing

heels of its victim. Through snow, and rain, and sleet, and wind, surmounting all obstacles it will stay until the end, and the end to the wolf always means the feast.

Somewhere in the veins of this Chinese girl there must have been one drop of wolf blood, for once she set her mind upon the possession of that key she never wavered. It was before her night and day. She planned a thousand ways to get it, but never one was right. She watched him with furtive eyes, but for all the good that it did she might just as well have been looking out of the window of the dreary brick wall of the other building.

Once when he was sleeping she crept silently to his side and felt for the inner pocket of his blouse. Slight as was her touch he must have felt it, for he moved uneasily and she fluttered to the floor like a leaf from a falling tree. She tried again, but with the same result.

But out of what seems certain failure often comes success.

"I am hungry; get me something to eat, quick," he demanded when he awoke in the morning.

She started up and set about her work while he walked over to the table to get his water pipe. As she passed back and forth from cupboard to stove her glance fell upon the couch where he had slept, and for one brief moment it seemed as though she was going to fall. A sudden weakness came into her knees and it was with a great effort that she kept from crying

out, for there in plain view was the key. In an instant she had it, and she had taken the first and easiest step to freedom.

He smoked, then ate, then smoked again, but this last time it wasn't tobacco that soothed him—it was opium, and when at last his drowsy eyes closed she was by the door pushing the key into the socket. It turned the lock. Then she opened the door, passed out and locked it on the outside. She ran down the steps as if she was pursued; out on the street, when the thought of those white devils—those eaters of human flesh—halted her in horror. But no one spoke to her and she was reassured. Across the way she saw the sign of a temple, and she made for it as a shipwrecked sailor makes for land. She went up one flight of very dark and very dirty stairs and then she saw a half-opened door. She peeped in. The room was empty, but at the back were the images of the gods she knew in China; before them was the shrine, and back of them was the sacred place where no one dared go.

But nothing is sacred where terror is, and before ten seconds of time had been ticked off by the clock on the wall she was nestling at the heels of Kwon Guet, the God of Might, the safest spot in all the quarter.

If you will notice when you visit a Chinese joss house you will observe that there is nothing thin nor weak about the keeper, if you should happen to see him. He looks like a man who loves the good things of life and gets them, too. His life is one of ease and he feasts like a nabob. When a Chinese wants a favor from a joss he first sends offerings of foods. These are put in fine dishes and placed on the altar. Then he prays, and begs that this feast be accepted in the same spirit in which it is sent. He may believe or he may not believe that that thing of wood eats what he has left, but the keeper knows and waxes fat. Many a time has he smacked his lips over a suckling pig, roasted to a turn, and chickens are on his daily bill of fare.

Two hours after the girl had gone through the open door the keeper awoke. He yawned and then stretched himself, leisurely. He was in no hurry, for he knew there was a breakfast waiting for him on the altar, and it was such a breakfast as a man of his distinction was entitled to. He knew to a grain of rice what had been put there the night before just as he had known it for years.

Presently he was ready and he sauntered out of his little room with no unseemly haste. The wick in the vessel of olive oil was burning with a steady glow and the faces of the gods were as placid and emotionless as the day they left the carver's shop in Peking.

"Al yel." He rubbed his eyes and stepped back a pace in alarm. He rubbed his eyes and looked again.

One of the dishes was empty. It was as bare and clean as the palm of his hand. He ran back to the room in the rear and roughly woke his assistant.

"You have eaten before me, you swine," he shouted. "Eaten?" queried the other. "I have not eaten since yesterday."

"Come and look then." Together they both went, and when they arrived at the altar another dish had been taken.

The keeper looked up at the stolid countenance of Kwon Guet, saw a shred of the white meat of a chicken and a grain of rice on his lower lip, and then dropped face downward on the floor as if he had been shot.

He groveled in abject terror while the assistant gazed at him with wondering eyes, until he, too, looked up, saw that same sight, and then he went down beside his master. There they both lay until combining their courage, they crept fearfully backwards beyond the range of the vision of those green jade eyes.

"It is a curse," whispered the keeper, and the other nodded his head, too frightened to speak.

That was only the beginning, for as fast as the offerings were brought they disappeared, and nothing was left but empty dishes. For eight days this continued, and then, on the night of that day, the keeper, grown bold, found the desire to see a god eat growing in his heart. So when the lights in the shops had gone out and the noises in the street had died down he went out into the darkened temple and sat in a corner with his back against the wall. The flickering lamps burned dimly and cast long shadows across the bare floor and with solitude came fear. He looked at the heaped-up dishes hungrily and then at the joss, but the religion of his ancestors held him fast, and what might have been nothing more nor less than a block of wood to another man of another race was something to him that was endowed with the power to pardon and punish or even cause instant death.

Suddenly there came to him a noise like a sigh, long-drawn out and deep, and as he shrunk back still further in his corner he felt the blood in his veins run cold. A dish moved and his lower jaw dropped as though he had been stricken with death. Something seemed to wind itself about that bit of crockery and drag it slowly in until it disappeared, but there was no sound. His breath came in gasps and he felt as if he would choke. Then he saw the dish replaced with the food gone. Those same unseen hands took another one and still another, but he didn't see, for he had sagged down in a lifeless heap and terror had numbed his senses. As he went over he groaned aloud, and there was a sudden movement back of the altar which almost caused Kwon Guet to topple over.

At three o'clock in the morning Chuck Connors, with his hands thrust deep in his trousers pockets, was walking along Mott street, homeward bound, when a Chinese girl came running out of the joss house door. So great was her speed that she almost collided with him.

"Ha, there, git onto yer self," said Chuck, putting up his hands to fend off an imaginary blow: "wot are yer tryin' ter do—shoot de shoots?"

"Velly much affaid," said the girl, looking behind her. "Well, wot do yer tink uv dat," said Chuck, "Who's chasin' yer, anyhow?" and he took a step towards the doorway.

But she wouldn't have it that way, and taking hold of his arm she almost dragged him away from the place. Chuck knows a little Chinese and a lot of pidgin-English, and he managed to get some kind of a story out of the girl, and then he took her home and put her in the care of Mrs. Chuck until the morning.

The next day she was taken to a mission house in Brooklyn, where she stayed until one night when a sporty laundress smuggled her away to Savannah, Ga.

The joss house keeper buys his grub now, and he's looking a bit thin. Incidentally he pays more attention to the temple than ever before.

So, you see, good comes out of everything.

Ike Swift.

WHEN YOU PLAY POKER

You want to play to win, of course. You can dope the game out if you know how. Poker: How to Win, will show you. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.

PHOTOGRAPHS of General Interest are Solicited for Publication in the Police Gazette---Send Them In



Photo by Chickering: Boston

QUEENIE VASSAR AND HER FINE BOSTON BULL TERRIER.



Photo by Newman: New York.

KARRERA, SUCCESSFUL AS A FEMALE IMPERSONATOR.



Photo by Bushnell: San Francisco.

HERE IS A BUNCH OF BEAUTY FROM WILLIAMS' IDEAL EXTRAVAGANZA COMPANY TAKEN ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

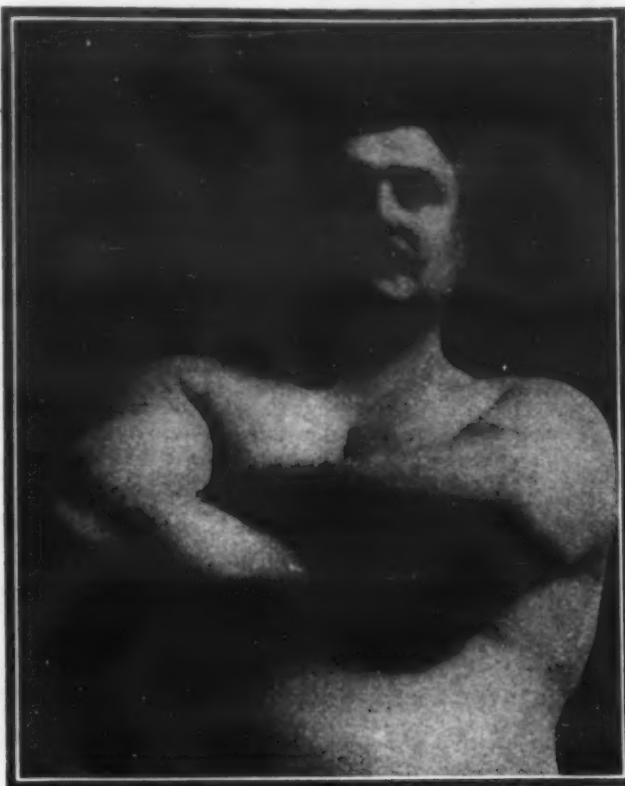
FAIR DAMES OF THE STAGE.

BUT ON SECOND THOUGHT, THEY'RE NOT ALL DAMES---ONE HAPPENS TO BE A MAN.



P. J. PITTS.

AN ATHLETIC EXPERT OF INDIANAPOLIS,
IND., WHO IS CLEVER.



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HENRY HOLTGREWE.

A CINCINNATI STRONG MAN WHO IS
MATCHED WITH WARREN TRAVIS.



JACK KENYON.

THE HARD-HITTING 140-POUND BOXER
OF SANFORD, MAINE.

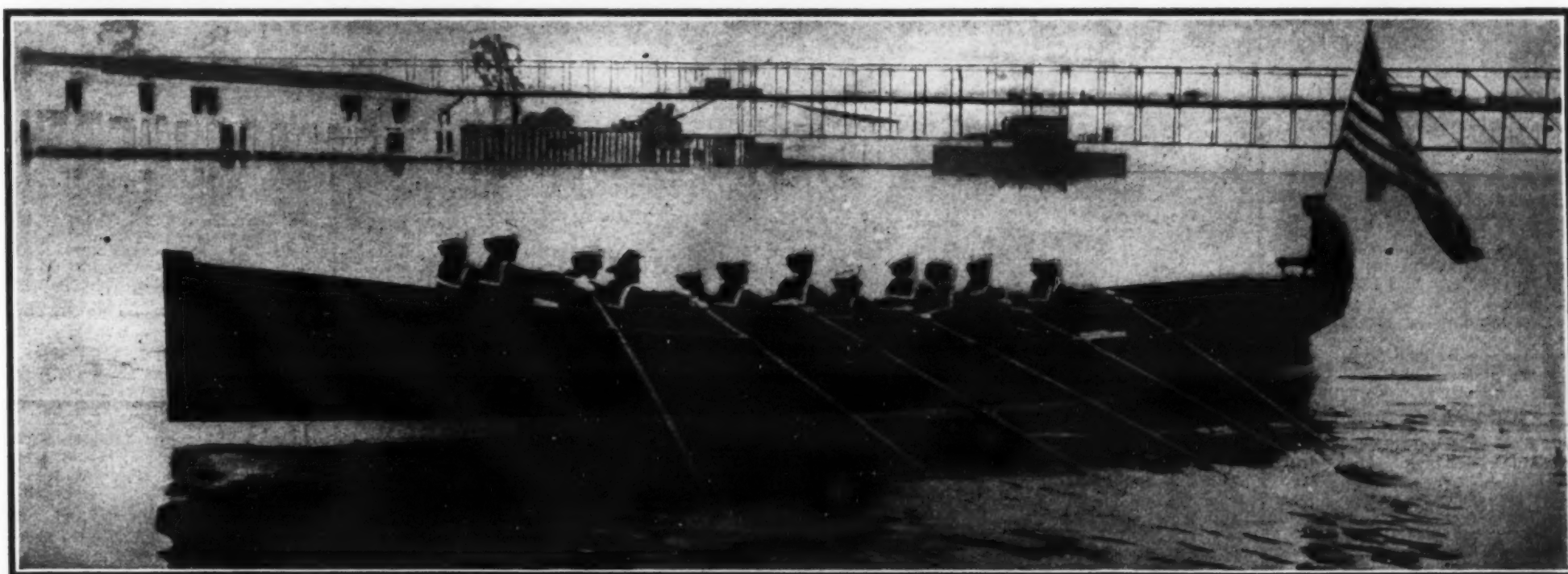


Photo by Walden Fawcett: Portland, Ore.

THEY ARE NAVAL CHAMPIONS.

THE STURDY THIRTEEN COMPOSING THE ADMIRAL'S BARGE CREW OF THE FLAGSHIP CHICAGO, CHAMPION
OARSMEN OF THE PACIFIC SQUADRON, UNITED STATES NAVY.



FRANK GORDON.

BOXING INSTRUCTOR OF THE U. S. NAVAL
STATION, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



WILLIE SPRACKLIN.

CLEVER FEATHERWEIGHT OF WINDSOR,
ONT., WHO CAN HIT.



BABY GILBERT.

THIS AUGUSTA, ME., BOXER BARS NO
ONE AT 130 POUNDS.

A WARM POKER GAME

IN WHICH SENATOR WOLCOTT

BLUFFED A CHINESE

With a Miserable Busted Flush He Successfully Scared
Out a Hand of Three Jacks.

HIS NERVE AND COOLNESS WON THE DAY.

And With the Pot He Took the Chinaman's Handsome Emerald Ring
as a Souvenir of the Occasion.

Some of the dyed-in-the-wool sports in Washington, D. C., were talking about the game of poker. The discussion had been started by a review of that great little book, "Poker; How To Win," published by Richard K. Fox.

"The late United States Senator Ed Wolcott, of Colorado," remarked one who seemed to know, "played a great game. There was no such a thing as making a study of his game and marking out a line of action wherewith to combat it. He was always willing to agree that the steady impassive poker player stood the best chance of getting the money in the long run, but he argued that he didn't play poker for the purpose of getting the money, but for fun. I once saw him stand pat on a pair of nines and boost the opener out of a \$10,000 jack pot. It was a favorite device of his to allow himself to be caught redhanded in a series of bluffs that looked little short of imbecile, and then, when he had got all hands fixed in the belief that his main graft was attempted pot stealing, wait for the real goods and turn around and whang them to death.

"I saw him get so finished and intuitive a poker player as the late David T. Littler, of Illinois, into so deep a maze of study one night that Littler went around looking dazed for several days afterward. Littler, a wealthy man, who had been one of the Pacific Railway Commissioners, was one of the shrewdest students of other men's poker idiosyncrasies who ever came to Washington, and it was more fun for him to show some antagonist up in what he considered a fool poker play than it was for him to win money.

"A Chinaman who was in the same game and who had been up against the same problem that worried Littler smiled a wan, gray smile when it was over and looked like a small boy caught teasing the cat. The Chinaman was one of the secretaries of the Chinese Legation in Washington and a poker player who knew how. I was the other player in the game, but I figured in the main incident of the session merely as a looker on.

"The game was \$5 ante and \$50 limit, and it was played in the sitting room of Senator Wolcott's hotel suite here. Wolcott had started out with astonishingly poor luck in his run of cards. Littler, who was a follower of the old fashioned play-them-when-you-get-them poker dogma, got most of the hands and money during the first two or three hours of the sitting. It seemed to be Wolcott's luck to get something only when the others of us had nothing to draw to, and once he had been passed out on his ante when I'd supplied him with a pat king full of aces; then, attempting to bluff his path through to the turn of the tide, Littler had spiked him every time.

"For want of something better to use as a buck the Chinaman had slipped a magnificent emerald ring off his finger for that purpose, and, the ring coming into my possession with a small pot, I dealt the jack pot hand that brought about the incident of the evening.

"Wolcott, who was on my left, gave a knuckle rap on the edge of the table to indicate that he couldn't open the pot. The Chinaman, who was next, observed that he was tired of trying to fill a pair of jacks, so that it was by him. Dave Littler pushed five blue ones to the middle.

"For fifty," he said.

"With only nine high I went into the discard.

"Wolcott, before going in, spread four of his cards out, face up, on the table. The four cards were the deuce, trey, four and five of hearts.

"Dave," he said, "how many are you going to draw?"

"It'll cost you fifty to find that out, Ed," replied Littler, placidly.

"It seems like a desecration to try to fill a hand like this with so little at stake," observed Wolcott, musingly. "Now, if we were only playing sure enough poker—"

"If the others are willing," put in Littler, nodding toward me and the Chinaman, "I'm willing to set aside the limit just to give you your opportunity to sidestep what you consider a sacrifice. If all hands are agreeable, we can take off the lid for this hand. I only suggest it. It's all one to me."

"I'm out of it, anyhow," said I.

"Well, it's up to our friend from the Land of Flowers, then," said Littler.

SPORTS AND ATHLETES

If you haven't a copy of the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1906, illustrated, you are shy the best book of the year. Twelve cents in stamps brings it to you.

"The Chinaman said that the taking off of the limit was very agreeable to him, temporarily or permanently—I never saw a high grade Chinaman yet who was a bad gambler or a poor loser.

"All right, Dave," said Wolcott, shying his no good card into the castoff heap, "I guess I'll impose an additional charge of five hundred to draw cards."

"The stolid Chinaman was there. So was Littler.

in a pink flush. He might—a remote calculation—have filled a straight flush at one end or the other.

"Edward," said Littler, gathering up his cards again and looking at them carefully. "I am so thoroughly imbued with the belief that the card you caught has its surface broken by something inconsequential, and probably black, that it's going to cost you five hundred dollars to make inquiries of me."

"Wolcott dampened the end of one of his fingers and touched it around the lighted end of his cigar to make it burn evenly.

"That isn't such a bad imbue of yours, Dave," he said, "but it has a certain hollow sound to me. A thousand more, shall we say?"

"The Chinaman scratched reflectively at the roots of his queue and pushed his round silk cap with the coral crown button on top of it over one of his ears. He was the man caught in the cross fire. His action indicated that he took both of the cross firing Occidentals for bluffers. Probably he eliminated Wolcott from the calculation altogether. Still more probably, he took Littler's action in standing pat as a mere scheme on Littler's part meant to scare Wolcott to the tail grass.

"And a thousand," said the Chinaman, producing a little good pencil and gold bound tablet from beneath the folds of his dress and scribbling betting tab on it.

"Littler cast a sharp glance at the Chinaman, as much as to say, 'Oh, ho; so you're in it, too, eh?' Now, that glance of Littler's toward the Chinaman convinced me that Littler had stood pat on a non-pat hand, for there was a certain look of fear in the glance. I think that Littler's glance in the Chinaman's direction had the same effect upon Wolcott. The natural query was, 'Why should Littler look worried over anything the Chinaman might have caught in drawing three cards when Littler himself stood pat?'"

"However, Littler's next move showed that he was still confident that he had Wolcott beat, anyhow.

"Seeing as how I am the instigator of this pot," he said, "I am not going to run away from it and with-

fer you to accept it as a gift, my last raise, instead of a thousand dollars, is the ring."

"That relieves me of the odium of hinting for another man's goods," said Wolcott. "A thousand more than the ring."

"The Chinaman looked Littler straight in the eye and then made a graceful wave of the hand toward Senator Wolcott.

"The gentleman from Colorado," said the Chinaman to Littler, "apparently loves emeralds more than money. Else he would not risk my emerald, now already his, by raising on a bluff," and the Chinaman separated the three jacks from his hand and threw them face up on the table.

"Wolcott smiled a serene smile and drew in the pot.

"However," he said to Littler and the Chinaman, "so that neither of you gentlemen will experience the chagrin of imagining that you were bluffed out, here is the card I drew."

"And he tossed the nine of spades into the middle of the table. His hand had been a busted flush and a shattered straight—nine high.

"Dave Littler got up and stretched his arms, swearing softly. The Chinaman smiled his wan, gray smile, and we played no more that night.

"Wolcott, protesting to the Chinese secretary that he had only used the ring as a sort of 'prop' to enable him to get by with his bluff, tried to get the Chinaman to take it back, but the Chinaman graciously declined. Wolcott eased himself of what he felt to be an obligation by sending the Chinaman, when the latter returned to the Chinese Empire, a pair of splendid Kentucky thoroughbred horses. He wore the emerald to the day of his death.

Pugilistic Notes.

Jimmy Briggs, of Chelsea, was given a decision over Dave Deshler, of Cambridge, in their fifteen-round bout at the Lincoln A. C., Boston, Feb. 26.

Briggs showed great strength and capacity for punishment, while Deshler weakened in the last five rounds of the mill. The Chelsea boy was greatly outpointed in the first ten rounds. Deshler repeatedly jabbed his left to the face and crossed his right to the jaw, but it did not apparently jar Jimmy. The latter kept boring in, pounding away at the kidneys and stomach, and Deshler weakened, yet he carried the fight to the finish.

Jimmy Britt recently purchased more real estate in San Francisco, Cal.

Tommy Mowatt and Tom Pendergast will meet at Milwaukee, March 21.

Kid Bell recently received the decision over Abe Label at Oakland, Cal., in a fast four-round battle.

Billy Huihui, champion lightweight of Honolulu, recently met defeat at the hands of Dick Sullivan.

Dick O'Brien, at one time a crack middleweight, is now appearing in three-round bouts around New York.

Bob Fitzsimmons, since his defeat at the hands of Jack O'Brien, is appearing in vaudeville in conjunction with his wife.

The bout between Jack Dougherty and Dick Fitzpatrick, which was to have taken place at Grand Rapids, has been declared off.

Young Mahoney was recently awarded the decision over Ed Flynn, of Buffalo, N. Y., in an eight-round battle at Milwaukee, Wis.

Patrick Daley knocked out Crawley, of London, in the fifth round of a fifteen-round match at the Whitechapel Sporting Club of London recently.

Austin Rice, the veteran boxer of New London, Conn., who has been in the game nearly fifteen years, is still making the best of them in three-round bouts around New York.

Susskind, a newcomer among the little boxers of New York, who has been knocking out all opponents in less than two rounds, evidently uses a different brand of kindness from that generally known.

Another English bantam will soon visit America. Ike Bradley, of Liverpool, who a short time ago defeated Digger Stanley in twenty rounds, is coming with the avowed purpose of evening up Digger's little matter with Jimmy Walsh.

Al Kauffman, California heavyweight, has decided not to come East to fight Gus Ruhlin, as he figures he can get more money at home.

At Wilmington, Del., recently, Billy Edwards stopped Eddie Larken in one round.

Young Corbett recently declined a flattering offer to meet Dick Hyland, in Denver, Colo.

Abe Attell has practically agreed to meet Joe Bowker in London, England, some time in May.

There is still hope that boxing will be allowed at the new Tuxedo A. C., outside of Philadelphia.

James J. Corbett is now a real actor, having become a member of Proctor's Stock Company in New York City.

Johnny Dohan recently bested Tony Straub in a three-round battle in New York, and it was a rattling good mill at that.

Monk, the newsboy boxer of Providence, R. I., recently received the decision over Mike Grady at Webster, Mass., in fifteen rounds.

Mississippi, the jockey boxer, fought six whirlwind rounds with Joe Campbell, at Altoona, Pa., recently, having a slight advantage.

YOU CAN MIX DRINKS

If you know how. You can learn if you own one of Charley Mahoney's 1906 Hoffman House Guides. It is elaborately illustrated. Price 25 cents; postage 5 cents extra.



Photo by Stacy: Brooklyn.

W. C. CHADEAYNE.

A Buffalo, N. Y., Motor Cyclist who Rode from New York to San Francisco in 47 days, 23 hours and 50 minutes.
He Challenges Anyone in the World to Race Him a Long Distance.

"I gave Wolcott his one card. He didn't have the curiosity to look at it until he saw what the two others were going to take. The Chinaman took three.

"I'll struggle along the best I know how with what I've got," said Littler.

"It struck me right away that Littler was standing pat for the moral effect such action might produce on Wolcott in case Wolcott filled a straight only. The shrewd glance which the Chinaman cast out of the tail of his eye at Littler showed me that he had Littler figured out about the same way.

"When the two others had drawn Wolcott cautiously raised one corner of the card I gave him. We were all watching him carefully, but I, who knew him far better than either of the others, couldn't have detected whether he'd filled anything or not if my life had depended upon it.

"As soon as he glanced at his card Wolcott folded it away with the rest of them, and then reached to a table for a cigar. To a man used to studying small things in the course of a game of draw this sort of looked to me as if Wolcott might have filled something, and that, apprehending that there was going to be considerable business on hand, he didn't want to go smokeless while that business was in progress.

"Your shoot, Dave," said the Senator as he touched the match to his cigar. "Guess me."

"Littler lit a cigar himself, and pondered. There were three worth while things that Wolcott might have filled. He might have completed a straight open at both ends. He might have stuffed up one cranny

draw my support from it. One thousand more."

"Wolcott reached over and picked up the emerald ring that was serving as buck, and examined it critically.

"I know a trout stream in Colorado that's just this color," he said.

"But we're not fishing for trout now, Ed," observed Littler, with mild reproof. "We're playing cards."

"Thousand more than you, David," said Wolcott.

"You admire the emerald so much," said the Chinaman with great civility to Wolcott. "It is yours."

"Oh, I didn't mean to make it so broad as that," said Wolcott, smilingly.

"Nor is it," observed Littler, calmly, "exactly a meeting for the presentation or exchange of gifts. It is a card festa. You are betting?" addressing the Chinaman.

"A thousand more," was the Chinaman's response.

"That was Littler's signal for hibernation. He cast another quick glance of fear at the Chinaman. He plainly considered the Chinaman the one. 'I opened it on thirty,' he said, spreading out his three tens, and for an extremely dignified man somewhat beyond middle age Dave sure looked some sheepish.

"No," said Wolcott, seeming not to notice Littler's discomfort, and addressing himself to the Chinaman as he once more picked up the beautiful emerald ring, "I couldn't think of accepting the ring. But," he went on, "if there were any way by which it could be sort of assimilated into the pot—"

"Then," said the Chinaman, "although I would pre-

WHAT THE PUGILISTS —ALL CLASSES— ARE DOING IN THE RING

The Pacific Coast Bouts Are Very Strenuous and First Class Referees Are Badly Needed.

A FEW LIVELY AFFAIRS THAT ARE ALL TO THE GOOD.

Selger's Punch Was a Winner...Sam Langford Knocked Out His Man...Donovan Laid His Man on the Floor...Look Over the Challenges.

NEIL-TENNY BOUT FATAL.

The bout between Frankie Neil and Harry Tenny held at Mechanics Pavilion, San Francisco, on Feb. 23, ended by Neil knocking out Tenny in the fourteenth round after a severe beating. Tenny was carried from the ring by his seconds in a semi-conscious condition. His condition became serious and he was removed to a hospital, where he died shortly after his arrival.

Neil was so much the superior of Tenny that he was allowed to map out his plan of campaign at will, and was always the dominant factor. Tenny did not cut loose with that viciousness which he had shown in all his short battles.

According to George Harting, the official timekeeper, Tenny was counted out twice, but Referee Roche de-

GET A DOG PICTURE.

A few copies of the double page picture of pit bulls shown last week have been printed on heavy coated white paper so that it is all ready for framing. They are not for sale, but while they last they will be sent rolled in a tube to anyone remitting \$1 to this office for a thirteen weeks' subscription to the Police Gazette.

clined to declare him out the first time, as he was partly in an upright position as the fatal tenth second was tolled off.

Tenny came up with a brave front for the fourteenth round and rushed at Neil, but missed him. Neil came back with a shower of blows, and finally drove Tenny to his knees with a terrific left. Tenny knew all that was passing about him and remained down until the tenth second was being counted. His tired body seemed unwilling to respond and he shook his head sadly to his seconds. He arose to his feet, but Neil went at him deliberately to bring the battle to a definite close. He rushed Tenny across the ring and knocked him down with another of his terrible lefts. This time Tenny was unable to respond, and Neil was proclaimed the victor.

CAPONI GOT HIS GOOD.

Jack Koener, of Indianapolis, put Tony Caponi, of Chicago, out in the fifth round of what was to have been a ten-round bout at the Peoria A. C., Peoria, Ill., Feb. 27. A series of right and left uppercuts to the stomach in clinches proved the Chicago man's undoing. He complained repeatedly to Referee Ryan that he was being fouled, but Ryan would not allow it.

Kid Farmer practically knocked out Kid Herrick, of Syracuse, in the eighth round, Herrick's seconds saving him with the sponge.

Bronson, of Indianapolis, knocked out Ben Doerk,



A Fine 6 lb. 10 oz. Grist Cock Owned by H. G. Herring, Bridgewater, Va.

of Chicago, in the second of a preliminary, and Jerry Murphy, of Indianapolis, won the decision over Jack Hayes, of Springfield, in a six-round curtain-raiser.

SPORTS! SPORTS!

For facts in vest pocket shape the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" has them all benten a mile. The largest and best ever published. Sent for Twelve cents in stamps.

TEMPLE KNOCKED OUT.

Driving his opponent to the mat five times in a fifteen-round bout, and sending him into dreamland in the last minute of the final round, Sam Langford disposed of Larry Temple at Chelsea, Mass., on March 1.

Temple was a 10 to 8 favorite, but after the first round it was apparent to the crowd that Langford had improved wonderfully in his guarding, sidestepping and walloping, and barring accidents, he looked a certain winner.

Temple received a bad beating throughout the bout, but the whirlwind tactics and heavy hitting of both fighters served to keep the crowd on edge. In the fifteenth round, though badly tired, Temple started to mix things up with the Bostonian, and the result was that Langford handed him a swift wallop on the jaw forty seconds before the call of time. Temple took the count and many seconds besides before arising from the mat.

DONOVAN DROPPED HIS MAN.

A hard battle was won by Mike Donovan, of Rochester, in the thirteenth round, from Jack Driscoll, a Buffalo recruit to the welterweight ranks, at the Genesee A. C., Buffalo, on Feb. 26. Donovan scored a clean knockout. Driscoll was in bad shape for ten minutes.

Rube Ferns, ex-welterweight champion, was to have boxed Driscoll. Rube was taken seriously ill the day before, and Donovan was sent for and substituted without any training.

Driscoll is rangy, with plenty of cleverness and a stiff punch. He has good footwork and his judgment and



This Black Red, Felix, Bred by J. E. Carter, Lumpkin, Ga., won in main at Eufaula, Ala.

delivery speaks well for his future ring work, but he was not Donovan's equal. It was the old story of experience winning out. The Rochesterite felt his man out for five rounds and then began a systematic plan of battle that soon began to wear Driscoll down. Donovan took few chances. He walloped hard and often at close range, and was contented to jab and jolt Driscoll when the Buffalo boy tried to be clever. The final punch was a left swing, flush to the jaw.

SEIGER'S PUNCH WON OUT.

Charley Sieger, of New York, had all the better of a six-round bout with Young Erne in the windup at the Washington Sporting Club, Philadelphia, on Feb. 26. It was Erne's first appearance in the ring since his decisive defeat by Jimmy Gardiner, of Boston. The majority present expected that Erne would show his true form and redeem his lost laurels. They were disappointed.

The first round was rather slow, but Sieger demonstrated right at the start that he was no easy proposition and that Erne would have to work all the time to save himself. The second round brought several mix-ups, in which Sieger, with hard right and left punches to the body, made Erne hold on. Commencing the third round, Sieger succeeded in landing a terrific right-hand swing to the jaw that sent Erne's head back and took considerable steam out of him. Erne started the fourth round by jabbing Sieger in the face with his left, and then crossing with the right that

landed lightly on the New Yorker's ear. Sieger was not to be denied, however, and lowering his head, he bored right in, landing rights and lefts to Erne's body that sent him against the ropes and made him hold on.

Both boys were tired at the opening of the fifth, but Erne was successful in reaching Sieger's face with light lefts. After several mix-ups Sieger shook up Erne with a right on the side of the face and made him clinch by planting a hard left to the stomach.

The sixth round was mix-up after mix-up, both boys landing hard blows to the body, but Sieger's punch was the stronger, and before the final bell he had Erne clinching at every opportunity.

MARDI GRAS BOUTS.

Some of the fastest fighting ever seen in New Orleans was witnessed at the Mardi Gras stag of the Young Men's Gymnastic Club. The first fight was a ten-round draw between Boxer Sullivan, of Louisville, and Kid Smith, of Chicago. In the ten-round match between Rodney Bridges, of New Orleans, and Barney Lyons, of Cincinnati, Lyons landed on Bridges' jaw in the sixth, putting him down for the count. George Bezenah, of St. Louis, whipped Freckles O'Brien, of New Orleans, in the second round of a ten-round bout.

HOSEY A TOUGH ONE.

Jimmy Briggs met the stiffest proposition of his career when he fought a twenty-round draw with Willie Hosey at Albany, N. Y., on Feb. 23. Hosey recently proved that he was a high-class boxer by defeating Jig Stone, the crack New England boxer. His many admirers thought he had undertaken too much when he agreed to meet Briggs, but he gave the New Englander a great fight.

According to the agreement, if both men were on their feet at the end of the twentieth round the fight



H. G. Herring of Bridgewater, Va., Bred this Splendid Grist Grady Stag.

was to be declared a draw. Those of Briggs' friends who were present claimed that if a decision had been agreed upon Briggs would have been entitled to it, but all through the mill the Albany pugilist kept the Boston man busy.

Three times during the earlier rounds of the fight Hosey landed squarely with his right on Briggs' jaw. Hosey was sent to the floor by Briggs three times before the tenth round. A cut which the Albany fighter received over the right eye during his training for the fight was opened by Briggs in the second round and the Bostonian played for this wound continuously. Hosey was almost blinded by the flow of blood, yet he gamely took his punishment and fought his man to a standstill. Hosey conceded weight to Briggs, the men weighing in at 135 at 6 o'clock, while Hosey's fighting weight is 133. The referee was Hector McInnes, of Boston.

LEWIS OUTPOINTED M'GARRY.

For the second time within a month Willie Lewis met Amby McGarry, without doubt the most aggressive boxer around New York, and a miniature Tom Sharkey.

McGarry had a shade on Lewis in their first battle; in this bout which took place at Billy Elmer's Consolidated Club, New York City, in a four-round argument on Feb. 23, Willie demonstrated that he was McGarry's master when in condition.

In the first round Lewis jabbed McGarry on the mouth, and Amby tried with a left swing that went wild. The men went into a clinch and both worked short-arm hooks to the wind and kidneys. A mix-up followed, in which Lewis showed clever blocking and McGarry wasted his strength by hammering away at his man's elbows.

The second round was about even, both landing hard wallops to the face and wind. After a few seconds of fighting, Lewis planted a hard right on McGarry's jaw that staggered Amby, but the latter came back strong, and in the mix-ups hooked his man over the heart twice. At the bell both were a little tired.

Lewis showed the effects of his training by coming up fresh for the third round. He jabbed lightly, and with his hand still on McGarry's face, he let fly a stiff uppercut that caught Amby on the jaw. The blow was one of the best landed during the bout. From then on the men clinched and stalled to save themselves for the fourth round.

After shaking hands at the beginning of the last round the two boxers sailed into each other in an effort to finish the exhibition with a knockout. At first both were wild, but Lewis calmed down and began to peck Amby's face with a left jab. This blow worried Amby, and he became even wilder in his efforts to land a sleep-producing punch. At the bell the men were in a fierce mix up, but both appeared strong when they walked to their corners.

CHALLENGES

[The challenge editor will be pleased to publish all legitimate challenges in all sports, such as boxing, wrestling, skating, bowling, swimming, bicycling, walking, running, jumping, etc., etc.]

Harvey Parker, the Little Demon, wants to meet his old rival, George Rothner, on the mat again at the lightweight limit for the POLICE GAZETTE belt which Rothner holds. Parker is touring the country



Hoke Smith, 5 lb. 10 oz., Owned by J. E. Carter, Lumpkin, Ga., won in main at Bartow, Fla.

with Fred Beel meeting all comers, and is again wrestling as he did a few years ago when he downed many who outweighed him considerably.

Freddie Bogan, of Gregson Springs, Mont., will match Young Ketchell against any boxer his weight.

Jack Gill, the Chicago bantam, has re-entered the ring, and is ready to meet the best in the business.

J. W. Joseph, of Watsonville, Cal., manager of Beans Carranza, will match his man against any 133-pounder.

Frank H. Walker, P. O. Box 734, Windsor, Ont., will match Willie Sprecklin against any featherweight in the world.

Frank Tremblay, 28 Bently street, New Bedford, Mass., writes to the POLICE GAZETTE to say he will meet any jumper in the East.

Reliance Pinochle and Cribbage Club, of Brooklyn, issues a challenge to any club to play them. Address Stump's Hall, 47 Johnson avenue.

The president of the Augusta (Me.) Social and Athletic Association says that Baby Gilbert challenges any man at 120 pounds in Kennebec County for a big side bet.

Albert Frost, of Oakville, Conn., is the owner of Butch, who has won seven battles. He also owns \$200 which says that Butch is the best 43-pound dog in America.

Andrew Klughardt, a 105-pound boxer, of South Bend, Ind., is out with a challenge to any at the weight, Michael Dietz preferred. He can be found at 441 E. LaSalle avenue, South Bend, Ind.

John Steiner, New York Casino, 182 Fourth street, San Francisco, on behalf of Frank Gordon, boxing instructor of the United States Naval Training Station at San Francisco, Cal., challenges any man at 140-145 pounds.

Shadow Morris, of Elizabeth, N. J., and better known as the New Jersey Cyclone, is after trouble with any boxer at 142 pounds, and would like to hear from Jack Blackburn. He can be addressed in care of W. H. Barnes, 20 Academy St., Newark, N. J.

Dave Deshler, the New England lightweight, who recently lost in a close decision to Jimmy Briggs after a great battle, would like to clash with Briggs again at 133 pounds. Deshler has decisions over Kid Sullivan, of Washington, D. C., and Kid Goodman.

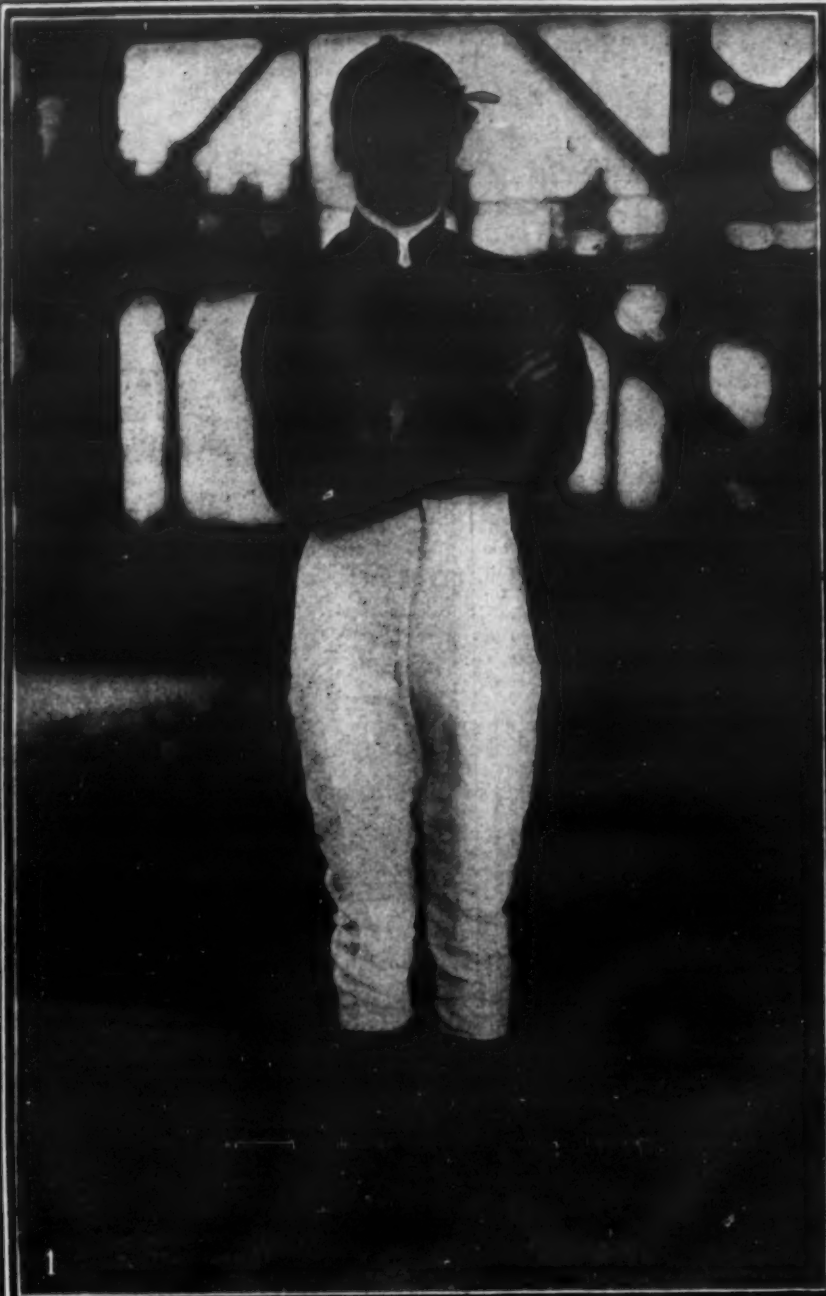
J. E. Whittaker is the acknowledged heavyweight champion of the Atlantic Fleet, and is ready and anxious to meet any and all comers who dispute his right to that title. I will back him for any amount up to \$1,000. I trust you will publish this picture in the GAZETTE as soon as possible, as, from experience, I find that the GAZETTE is the surest means of bringing this matter before the eyes of many of this station. We all think it is a fine paper, and wish it continued success.—C. F. Nelson, U. S. S. Barry.

In answer to a challenge which appeared in No. 1488, POLICE GAZETTE, John Reimberg, from New Rochelle, N. Y., challenges any man in the world at 170 pounds at weight lifting and feats of strength. I wish to say in behalf of John Y. Smith, of Boston, Mass., that I will match Smith against Reimberg for \$1,000 a side. Reimberg will please state terms and what different lifts he wishes to match at, and if agreeable will at once post a forfeit. An early letter to me will receive prompt attention. I mean business as I am certain there is no man in the world that can defeat John Y. Smith.—Oscar Matthes, 253 Park street, Lawrence, Mass.

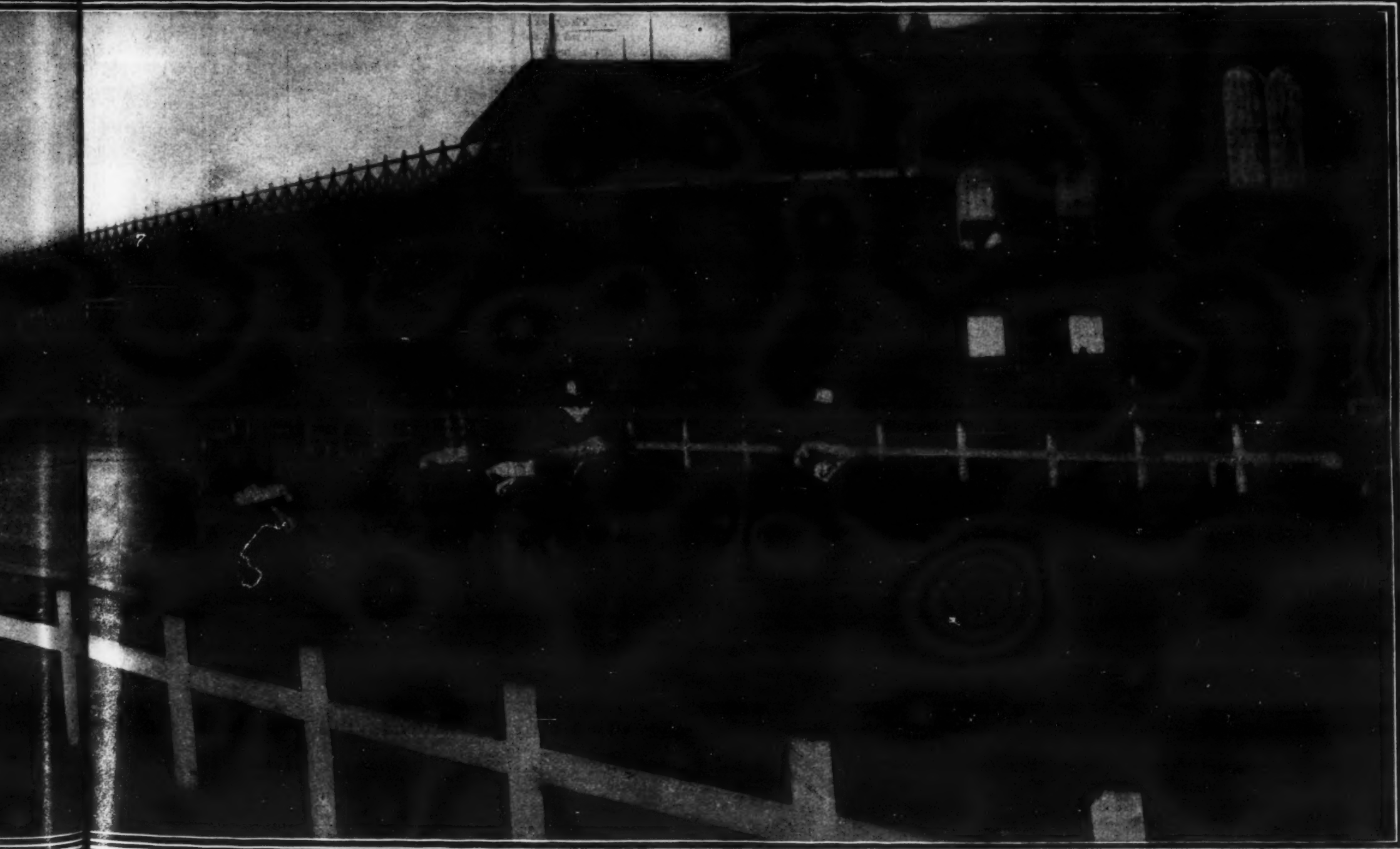
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TENNY'S DEATH MAY

—OPPONENTS OF THE GAME CLAMOR FOR OFFICIAL INVESTIGATION—

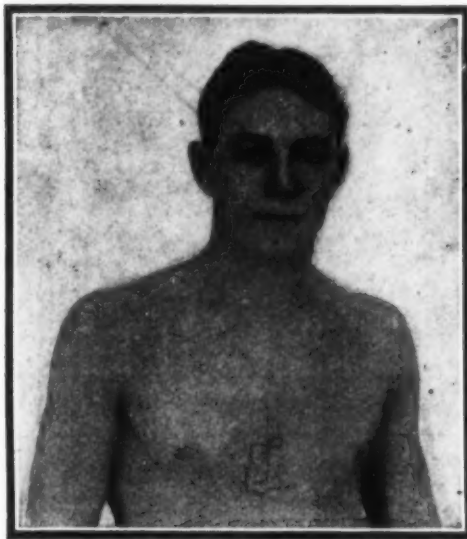
STOP BOXING IN 'FRISCO

Gans-Britt Controversy Leads to Baltimore Champion's Offer to Meet Britt and Nelson in One Ring.

PLAN TO HAVE RYAN AND O'BRIEN FIGHT ON MAY 8

Parson Davies Meets With a Sad Affliction—Marvin Hart's Defeat Excites Ridicule—Awful Excuse for a Champion—Fistic Gossip.

Consternation reigns in California sporting circles over the unfortunate death of Harry Tenny after his bout with Frankie Neil in 'Frisco, the story of which is told in another column of the POLICE GAZETTE. Even the most liberal minded patrons of the sport see in this awful occurrence the death blow



YOUNG KETCHELL.

He's a Boxer of Gregson Springs, Mont., and Freddie Bogan, his Manager, issues a defi.

of the fighting game on the Pacific Coast, for a time at least. Billy Roche, of New York, who refereed the bout, is censured on all sides for permitting the affair to go on after it was apparent to everybody at the ringside that Tenny had no chance to win. Roche, it is said, allowed Tenny to go on after he was fairly counted out in the fourteenth round, and it was probably the last few terrific punches delivered by Neil after his opponent had staggered to his feet that caused Tenny's death.

It was plain that Tenny was done for when he went down early in the fourteenth round after a terrific shower of body blows over the heart that sent him back against the ropes and finally to the mat. George Harting, the official timer for the club, counted him out. Just as he pronounced the words Tenny, weak of limb and cloudy of brain, staggered to his feet. Roche, the referee, gave no sign that he had heard the terminating seconds tolled and Neil tore into Tenny like a diminutive cyclone. With a groan Tenny went down. He was hustled into a carriage and was taken direct to the Hamman baths, where Dr. Kergen worked over him until the end came.

Tenny died of the rupture of a blood vessel in the head. The autopsy surgeon declared that death was due either to a blow on the head or on the stomach. Neil, Promoter Coffroth and Referee Roche were arrested and a thorough investigation made of the death. Some of Tenny's friends declare his death was induced by excessive injections of strychnine given by Dr. Kergen, who treated the boy for heart failure.

The case is complicated by reports that Tenny had an epileptic fit two days before the fight, and by the charge of Tenny's mother and brother that the boy was doped before the fight. The most plausible theory is that the excessive use of strychnine paralyzed the system instead of helping the heart's action.

Mayor Schmitz said:

"I intend to thoroughly investigate the death of Tenny, and if any negligence existed among those having the affair in charge, a criminal charge will be preferred and the supervisors will be asked to refuse any permits for prize fighting in the future."

Promoters of prize fighting are afraid that this death from blows in the ring will kill the game which has been so lucrative.

Black-listed seems to be about the correct word to use in Joe Gans' case. There he stands, the recognized holder of a championship which two other men claim, but for obvious reasons—of course, they are not afraid—decline to fight him for. He would just love to fight, but nobody wants to be conquered. He says the color line, drawn by the white lightweights, has him "faded," but not enough to evade that color line.

So, just to show how eager he is to get into the ring the negro has offered to meet in the same ring Battling Nelson, who seems to be the white 133-pound champion, and J. Edward Britt, whom the Battler defeated. His unique challenge calls for twenty rounds with each. The only stipulations the dusky champion makes are

THE LATEST HOYLE

Is published by Richard K. Fox, and is fully revised and up-to-date. Every card player should have one. Price 25 cents; postage 5 cents extra. Write Police Gazette office.

that he be allowed one hour's rest between bouts and that he be permitted to name which man he shall beat up first.

While most persons are inclined to believe that Gans' challenge is merely a bluff, still there are a goodly number of sports who claim to know a thing or two about the fighting game who say it would not be impossible for him to accomplish this self-suggested task.

Of course, it was up to Willie Britt to repudiate Joe Gans' charge that they both participated in a gigantic fraud and fake fight when Gans won on a foul in 1904, and according to Hoyle, Britt was there with the big "spell." The gist of Jimmy's long talk is that Gans produces no proof that a court of law would accept. He advances his sworn word. Jimmy says:

"Gans can't force me into a fight by such bulldozing tactics, as I will never step into the ring with him again. I cannot see how any fair minded man, considering the reputation of Gans for crookedness and my own clean record, can believe what he says. In other words, if Capt. Kidd should accuse President Roosevelt of housebreaking would anybody believe the charge?"

"Gans says Herford and my brother Willie fixed the match up. Why doesn't Gans bring forth the testimony of Herford or any other third party? Gans says the first set of articles signed was a 'phony' set. Where is that other set? Let Gans produce it."

Willie Britt asks how it is, if the fight was framed up, that Gans should fall down three times without being hit, thus making it possible for the referee to disqualify him. Old man Britt says plainly that Eddie Graney is behind Gans and is egging him on to get revenge on Britt.

But Gans goes right on reiterating what he first said and supplementing his original charges with a few additional ones. This is what he says:

"The arrangement was that Britt was to have all the best of the fight up to the fifth round, and then he was to appear to lose his head and hit me when I was down. Under this arrangement Britt was to receive 67½ per cent. of the fighters' share of the receipts, although he lost, and I was to get 32½ per cent. In addition, Britt and Herford were to bet a certain sum on the fight in a pool, the winnings to be equally divided between them. The amount of these winnings was \$18,000. Even after the agreement was made I did not like the arrangement and told Herford that I was inclined to give them the double cross after all, winning on a knockout if possible. Herford then told me that the agreement was that in case I won on a knockout and failed to allow Britt to make another showing I was to receive but 10 per cent. of the fighters' share, while Britt would receive 90 per cent. In addition to this we would lose \$5,000 which Herford had posted that I would keep the agreement he had made. The only parties to the agreement, so far as I know, were the Britts and Herford. I made 133 at the ringside and was as strong as ever. I said I was weak afterward, because I had to make some excuse for the showing I made."

Altogether it is a merry war, that furnishes amusement to the sports, but seriously hurts the fighting game.

Perhaps it will be Tommy Ryan after all who will next face the intrepid Philadelphian in the ring in a battle for the middleweight title. The two men are getting closer in the negotiations every day, and it is simply a matter of a few days before the articles may be signed. It is planned to hold the contest in Los Angeles, May 8, far enough ahead to allow both men to be in perfect condition for the affair. The weight question still bobs up, however, O'Brien insisting on 158 pounds at 3 o'clock, while Ryan demands that the Quaker make the weight at the ringside. To be a pure middleweight battle, the men should weigh in at 154 pounds, give or take two pounds, at the ringside, but that is out of the question for O'Brien, who would have to cut off a leg to make that notch. On one point they are agreed, and that is that the fight be refereed by some Eastern man instead of the Coast product.

Sad indeed is the unfortunate bereavement which has deprived "Parson" Davies of his eyesight, and which may ultimately cause permanent blindness. Bell's paralysis is the technical term of the ailment. It is caused by the breaking of a blood vessel in the head, usually resulting in paralysis of one or both eyes.

The "Parson's" own story of what happened at that instant, as related, is more graphic than anyone else could possibly tell.

"I was sitting over my desk," said Mr. Davies, adjusting the black glasses that are now fitted to both eyes, "with a pen in one hand, signing some papers. Two or three gentlemen were still in my office talking about our Athletic Park plans. Suddenly, and without the slightest warning my eyelids dropped shut and everything was a blank. I was stunned. A dizzy feeling came over me. I put my hand up to my eyes and found the lids closed, without a particle of life in them. They seemed dead."

"Then the thought came to me, 'Have I gone blind?'"

"It was the most terrible thought I ever can recall. I was stunned with the sensation."

"I took both hands and pried open the right eye and could see vaguely. Holding it open, I made for the street and reached my room in the St. Charles Hotel. Next morning at 6 o'clock, I was telephoning for

my physician. He was puzzled, but from the swollen condition of my temples and other symptoms about the head he almost instantly diagnosed the case as that of Bell's paralysis. It is usually brought on by worry and overwork."

"The right eye has been opened and I can see to a degree, although unable to read. The physicians say that they hope to open the left eye by means of an electric battery, and believe that the sight of the eye is still unimpaired."

Thousands of good friends of the genial "Parson" join in the hope that his affliction may only be temporary.

Next to Jack Munroe I think the poorest excuse for a would-be champion heavyweight was Marvin Hart, whose recent defeat by Tommy Burns, a comparative novice, is still causing broad smiles upon the faces of men who pretend to know something of the boxing game. Burns only noteworthy achievement in the ring prior to his fight with Hart was a victory over Hugo Kelly, a pupil of Tommy Ryan. When he faced Hart the betting was 10 to 7 against him, while the big Louisville man outweighed him by at least twenty-five pounds. Burns wasted no time, but with extreme cleverness and considerable punching power proceeded to make the would-be champion look like a novice. He cut Hart's face to ribbons, closing both of his eyes and causing his mouth to swell in such a manner that Marvin could not make himself understood. Hart swung wildly and awkwardly, but during the whole fight he did not land an effective blow.

When the referee awarded the decision to Burns there was no fault to be found, but the crowd was dumfounded by the showing of the big fellow. After the mill Hart's friends declared that he had been drugged, for they could not account in any other way for his ridiculously weak performance. Burns escaped without bruises and was a hero, even though ring experts who saw the fight said that he was not a truly great fighter, but that Hart was the worst apology for a champion that had ever put up a pair of fists. Hart's downfall made Tommy Ryan, his mentor and chief second, look decidedly small, while it also caused Jeffries, who sat at the ring side, much amusement.

—and no wonder!

Apropos of the Gans-Britt expose, one San Francisco commentator on pugilistic things, thus summarizes the situation:

Joe Gans is pugilistically dead. Jimmy Britt is dying in gallop. Al Herford is "deader" than ever. Willie Britt is calling for a doctor. Eddie Graney is feverish, with a high temperature. Jim Coffroth has been vaccinated. The public is sitting up and taking notice. The public scavenger has fled. The mass is too dirty for him to tackle.

HERE'S A GREAT OFFER.

If you had a copy of the double page of dogs printed in last week's issue, would you like to have it framed? A limited number of copies have been struck off on heavy coated white paper. They are worth about \$2 each. If you send \$1 to this office for a thirteen weeks' subscription to the Police Gazette, one of these copies securely rolled in a tube will be sent to you.

Marvin Hart would have it known that he is a man of simple and domestic tastes, says the *Pittsburg Leader*. What he loves dearer than anything else is to be on his farm in Beuchel, Ky. He cares naught for the hurly-burly of city life, with its artificial glare and tinsel. Rather for him the rich but humble odor of the barnyard, where the boneous sing their madrigals and the bluebottle pipes his little lay. It is only because wifery needs the money that he would get in the dazzle of the prize ring, where it becomes necessary to be rude with another fellow, or, perchance, have that other fellow be rude to you.

And Brother Hart has had his picture took and has sent it broadcast throughout the land, even unto the effete East, where all men may look upon it and admire its bucolic simplicity.

The picture shows him clasping the hand of little wifery—something like a statue clog—the while she looks up in his face with that trusting love and faith which sends him forth to battle, with a tear of regret, perhaps, but a lively hope that he fetch back a bundle of those precious works of art etched in green. It is really touching.

Notice how impressively quiet Philadelphia Jack O'Brien has been since Tommy Burns "attended" to Marvin Hart. Looks as if a cog slipped somewhere! Hart was to have been O'Brien's next victim! It will take a little time for Jack to get his favorite ace down, with somebody else.

While all these loud-mouthed, would-be champions are telling how easily they would beat Jeffries if they could only get a chance at him, I wonder if they have ever thought of how serious their blasts of defiance might become if the sleeping lion should awake and again pant for the joys of combat—and lucre. We have heard the chant of Marvin Hart of Kentucky, and the average reader hardly smiles as he reads the bit of bombast, and now comes Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, who handles his enthusiasm more modestly, but still expresses the desire to mix with the undefeated champion of champions in case he should return to the ring. It may be that Jeff will keep his promise and never fight again. Let us hope so for the sake of two pugilistic lights who might otherwise be rudely snuffed in early life.

SAM C. AUSTIN.

PARR A CINCH FOR GOTCH.

Frank Gotch in Convention Hall, Kansas City, Mo., on Feb. 26, won two straight falls in a wrestling match with Jim Parr, of England, in sixteen and thirteen minutes respectively.

The ease with which Gotch won robbed the contest of interest.

THE ODDS IN POKER

Can be discovered, and the chips will be in front of you if you will get and study a copy of *Poker; How to Win*. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.

"CHAMPEENS" GO WEST

Ruhlin, Attell and Gardiner are Stars in 'Frisco Fights.

Westward ho, was the cry, and a trio of pugilistic celebrities, who for several months past have been conspicuous figures in the daily life of the great Metropolis, hiked for the train which is now bearing them towards the Golden Gate. Abe Attell, the feather-weight champion; big Gus Ruhlin, the Akron Giant, and Jimmy Gardiner, of Lowell, have moved on San Francisco under the guidance of Harry Pollock, who once had the pugilistic destinies of Young Corbett in keeping, and who will work with Jimmy Coffroth, the head and inspiration of the "fight trust" out there, in getting matches for these three artists.

Not for some months will Broadway and Forty-second street quake beneath the tread of the colossal Ruhlin. With his bankroll and his embonpoint he will be far out on the Coast seeking to enlarge the first mentioned and to reduce the latter.

Nor will that busy corner for some time know the presence of the dapper Attell with his jubilant waistcoats and his merry way of punching you in the eye or the stomach as he tells you how he "did it to that Walsh kid."

The three men will immediately go into training in California and will shortly after proceed to trim a few aspirants among the Westerners.

Abe Attell has his eye out for a match with Frankie Neil and Jimmy Coffroth says he can have it. Then, according to Pollock, a match with Jimmy Britt at 133 pounds will be the next ambition. This will keep Abe pretty busy for a time, and it is his intention then to return and take on Tommy Murphy.

This programme, if carried out, will keep Attell in practice for his meeting in May with the English champion, Joe Bowker, in London. It will also enable the fight dopesters to get a line on that bout. Bowker



FRANK TREMBLAY.

Crack Jumper and Acrobat of New Bedford, Mass., who Challenges anyone at his game.

defeated Frankie Neil last year in London, and an opinion can be formed from the showing Attell makes with Neil.

For some time Gus Ruhlin has been pining for a fight, and when he arrives in California the chances are he will get a match with Al Kauffman. He said the other day he would like to fight Tommy Burns, but since that person was going into the show business and also was eager to fight Jack O'Brien there seemed to be little chance.

INFORMATION BUREAU OPEN

—WE ANSWER INTRICATE QUESTIONS—

FOR GAZETTE READERS

If You Wish to Know Anything About Pugilism, Athletics,
Yachting, Racing or Trotting, Ask Us.

DON'T HESITATE TO SEND A LETTER OF INQUIRY.

We Like to Air Our Knowledge and Are Always Pleased to Give You Accurate
Information to Settle Various Wagers.

H. B. C., Kimberly, S. A.—What is the height of John L. Sullivan?.....5 feet, 10½ inches.

G. and L., Toledo, O.—What does four treys and one nine spot count in a game of cribbage?.....24.

G. W. E., Scranton, Pa.—Write to the Commissioner of Emigration, Ellis Island, New York City.

C. L., Waverly, Ia.—Where is the solar plexus blow delivered, front or back?.....Front, above the stomach.

T. P., Jr., Warsaw, Ill.—What size biceps should a boy have whose height is 5 feet, 1 inch, weight 100½, and age 15?.....A boy of that age is undeveloped, and there is no standard.

Hoyle's Games, bound in cloth with gold-edged leaves, making a beautiful book. There is nothing better made. It is published by Richard K. Fox, and will be sent to any address on receipt of \$1. Books of this kind usually cost a great deal more.

G. M. S., New York.—When will George M. Cohan, in "George Washington, Jr.," come to the New York Theatre?.....He is now appearing at the Herald Square Theatre, New York City.

F. S., Windsor, Conn.—What is the highest run of points made in billiards without missing, in plain billiards without balk line?.....2,572 in a three-ball carom game by H. McKenna, in 1887.

H. G. S., Cincinnati.—A and B playing 15-ball pool; A calls the 12 ball in, shoots, but makes a miscue, hits object ball, but drives neither object or cue ball to the cushion; does A scratch or not?.....Scratch.

O. L. G., Chester, Pa.—What does the President of the United States get a year, and what do the Mayor and Governor of New York get?.....1. \$50,000. 2. Mayor, \$15,000; Governor, \$10,000 and mansion.

V. W. M., Harrisburg.—Tell me the age of John L. Sullivan, also Dan O'Leary's record for six-days walking?.....1. 47 years. 2. His record has been lost sight of in the face of many better performances.

Reader, Joplin, Mo.—What is the height of Sam McVey and Denver Ed Martin; could you tell me where they reside at present; and where I could reach Frank Slavlin with a letter?.....1. 6 feet. 2. No. 3. No. 2.

B and H., Aurora, Ill.—A, B, C, D, E and F are playing rotation pool for twenty-five cents a corner; Joe bets Dick that A will win the game; B ties A; who wins the bet?.....The bet is decided after Band A play off the tie.

W. V. W., Elmira.—In a four-handed game of pinochle; diamonds trumps; A melds king and queen of clubs, king and queen of hearts, king and queen of diamonds, king and queen of spades and Jack of diamonds; what is the total meld?.....280.

R. A., East Grand Forks, Minn.—Who is the champion fast skater of the world?.....Morris Wood is the recognized champion.

M. A. H., Palmer Falls, N. Y.—Who was the manager of James J. Corbett at the time of the Carson City fight?.....Billy Brady.

C. B., San Francisco.—Who is the champion Greco-Roman wrestler of the world? Who is the strongest known man living?.....1. Hackenschmidt, about 180 pounds. 2. Louis Cyr, see records in the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual," weight about 270 pounds; is a French Canadian.

F. L. P., East Grand Forks, Minn.—We have no record of Baptie's speed performances; unless they were made under the auspices of some recognized organization affiliating with the Amateur Athletic Union of America they would not be recognized. Baptie's name does not appear in the A. A. U. records.

Pittsburg, Canton, O.—Stud poker; A has a pair of queens in sight (5 cards); B has ten high in sight (5 cards); no possible straight or flush; B does not notice the queens and calls; A says money must stand; B claims as he had no possibility of winning he could not lose his money?.....A is right. He is not responsible for B's mistakes.

H. L. P., Mullen, Neb.—The game is to be five-handed pool; call shot; to bank the third ball and all balls thereafter; player No. 2 or 3 makes one ball on his first shot and makes the ball called and one more on the second shot; would the scratched ball have to be spotted if the game was for money; the high man to win the money, the low man to pay for the game?.....Scratch ball must be spotted.

R. C. E., Edinburg, Ill.—Seven-up; A and B; five points; A was four and B was three; A deals the cards and B begs; A runs the cards farther and hearts were trumps; B leads ace of hearts; A plays nine of hearts; B leads suit card and A plays Jack of hearts and claims he wins the game; although B holds low in his hand; A claims he won because he played Jack before B played low; which is right?.....B wins.

F. B. S., Cooperstown, N. Y.—Pinochle; four-handed; partners; after the melding and play is started for example: Hand No. 1 leads a suit; hand No. 2 not having the suit trumps; hand No. 3 also not having the suit nor a trump large enough to go over the trump played by hand No. 2, must be, hand No. 3, trump the trick even though he is unable to win it, or can he throw on any card that he wishes?.....No. 3 must play trump.

Five Mile House, San Francisco.—Who is the legitimate lightweight champion of the world? How could Jimmy Britt fight Jabez White for the champion-

ship of the world when he had lost his title—won from Young Corbett—to Joe Gans on a foul? Did Gans and Britt fight at 133 pounds and for the world's champion-



EDWARD WILLIAMS.

A Boy Baton Swinger of New Britain, Conn.
He will meet anyone his age.

ship on that occasion?.....1. Gans is the recognized lightweight champion. 2. He could not. 3. Yes.

Reader, Chicago.—1. McCoy beat Ryan. Their records are in the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual," send six two-cent stamps. 2. Choyinski is a Hebrew.

C. M. R., Portland, Ore.—A dice game is being played wherein high shake takes first money; next highest takes second money; next highest shake third

money; A, B and C tie on 23; D and E tie on 22; F and G tie on 21; A claims that A, B and C take first, second and third money to divide as they see fit; D claims that A, B and C have a show for first money only, and that D and E divide second money, and F and G divide third money?.....A, B and C get all the money.

J. C., Indianapolis.—A is offered a certain suit—win, lose or draw—to meet B; forfeits of fifteen dollars are posted with the club for appearance and weight; the boys weigh in and both make the weight; B fails to appear in the ring to meet A; the club substitutes a man with consent of A to meet A; the club contends that A is not entitled to any money for the appearance of B and that his interest ceased when the weight was made?.....B forfeits his appearance money to the club, not to A.

O. C., Parkman, O.—What are Louis Cyr's weight lifting records? Is Charles Hackenschmidt any relation to George? Who is the champion Greco-Roman wrestler of America? What is the address of the American Sports Publishing Company? Is there any record of weight lifting?.....1. You will find Cyr's record in the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual," 2. No. 3. Ernest Roeber was the last. 4. 21 Warren St., New York City. 5. In the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual."

G. D., Garwood, N. J.—A pool was made on the Herrera and Herman fight; twenty chances put in a hat; each man drew one chance with a number on; they were numbered from one to twenty; there being no decision until twenty rounds were finished; who won, the man holding number twenty? A claims nobody; B says the holder of number twenty; in order to win, the fight had to be settled in the number of rounds you pulled from the hat?.....It was therefore not settled for a winner and pool is off.

J. F. C., Chicago.—A and B are playing casino 21 points; A deals and is 13 points and B is 20 points; last deal, and B takes in an ace before cards are played and calls out; A claims the cards must be played out, and B played the game through under protest, in this case B only made the one point; A makes cards, spades, big and little casino and three aces, making him 23; B claims he won because he called out before cards were all played; A claims cards must be played out and that he wins, as he made all points but one ace?.....B wins.

H. P., Bridgeport.—A bets B \$100 to \$50 that his pair of horses can road 14 miles in one hour, no specified time being made to show, except the first opportunity given, which A claims has not materialized as yet; B claims the money on account of sufficient time having elapsed to have A drive his team should he care to. I, as stakeholder would like to know where to hand the funds?.....You made a mistake in accepting the position of stakeholder without stipulating a time for the race. You can do nothing but hold on to the money until both parties to the wager come to some agreement.

TATTOOING

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That great little book, *Poker; How to Win*, is now bound in cloth with gold-edged leaves. It makes a very handsome little volume which you ought to have. Price 25 cents; postage 2 cents extra.

FOR SALE tattooing machines, different colors, designs, stencils, needles, etc., best and lowest prices. Prof. Wagner, 233½ Bowery, New York.

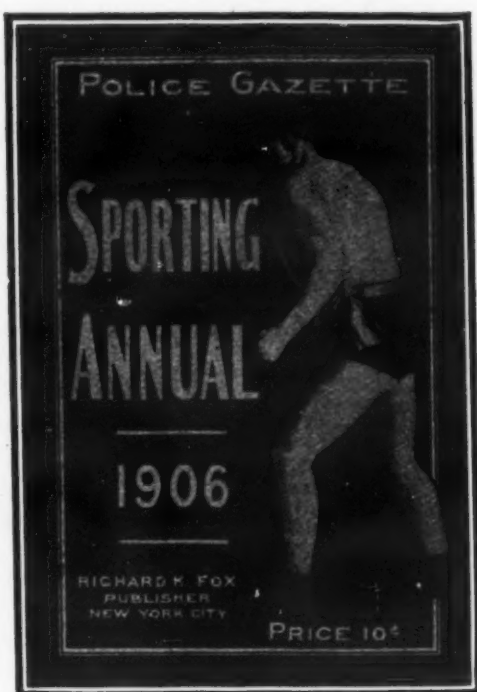
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WHO WILL MEET ANY SIMILAR ORGANIZATION IN A MATCH.



PETE.

55-POUND ENGLISH BULL OWNED BY G. E.
HANNAH OF CONCONULLY, WASH.



BIG CHIEF.

THOROUGHBRED OWNED BY J. E.
ROGERS, BUFFALO, N. Y.



BUTCH.

ALBERT FROST'S DOG OF OAKVILLE, CONN.,
WHO HAS WON SEVEN BATTLES.

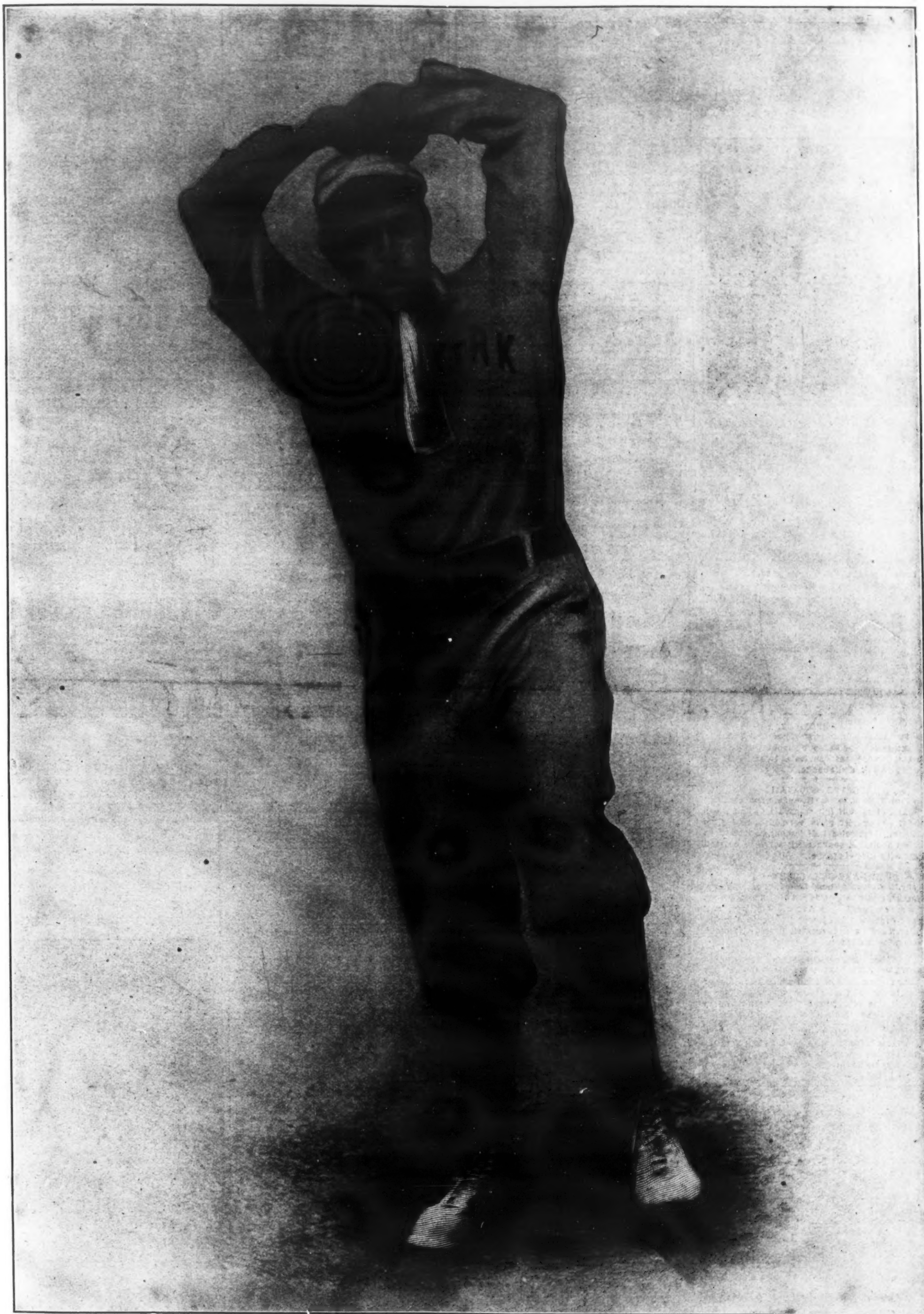


A LEFT UPPERCUT.

TWO WELL-KNOWN YOUNG ATHLETES OF BROOKLYN, N. Y., MUNDY AND NYAENA, WHO BAR NO ONE AT OR NEAR THE
WEIGHT IN BOXING AND CATCH-AS-CATCH-CAN WRESTLING.



IN A TIGHT FIX.



CHRISTY MATHEWSON.

THE PREMIER PITCHER OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE, WHO IS IN THE SOUTH WITH THE NEW YORK CLUB, WORLD'S CHAMPIONS, TO GET IN SHAPE FOR THIS SEASON.

A PROMINENT SALOONIST

Wise Bartenders will Get Good Tips in This Column.



Adam Antes is the proprietor of a hand-somely furnished saloon at 607 East 133rd street, New York, which is known by many residents in that section for the high-class wet goods handled. Mr. Antes knows the business thoroughly, and is well acquainted in political circles.

WANT A GOLD MEDAL?

A simple little recipe will win them for you. Put your thinking cap on and you'll be wearing a medal before long. So don't wait, get in line right away. Look over the little list and get ambitious. **FIRST PRIZE—\$75.00 Gold Medal.** **SECOND PRIZE—\$50.00 Gold Medal.** **THIRD PRIZE—\$25.00 Gold Medal.** Why don't you take a chance? Use your brains a bit. Send in a recipe anyhow. It may be a winner. New recipes are printed here every week in order that the roen behind the bar can keep posted on what the other fellows are doing.

APPETIZER.

(By L. M. Young, Bancroft House, New York.) Take goblet, one ounce Vermouth, grape juice (not claret) one teaspoon, water two ounces, and ice in Summer, don't shake.

FRETZE COCKTAIL.

(By Fred W. Helm, Stevens House Cafe, Lancaster, Pa.) Mixing glass half full cracked ice; half spoon sugar; one-quarter glass Vermouth; half glass good whiskey; juice half lemon; two or three dashes Absinthe; shake well; serve in cocktail glass with slice of orange.

AKS-ARE-BEN COCKTAIL.

(By E. F. Steward, Grand Central, Casper, Wyo.) Mixing glass two-thirds full of ice; two dashes gum syrup, two dashes Angostura bitters, half jigger Anisette, half jigger Creme de Menthe. Stir well and strain in cocktail glass, twist lemon peel on top and serve.

MORRISON FIZZ.

(By William T. Davis, 373 S. Lincoln St., Chicago, Ill.) Take mixing glass half full shaved ice, juice of half a lemon, half tablespoon sugar, one jigger Sloe gin, one egg. Shake well, strain into fizz glass and fizz with ginger ale.

MINT FIZZ.

(By Louis P. Cassidy, Sharkey's Cafe, New York.) One spoon sugar; juice of lime; white of egg, wine glass Irish whiskey, few sprigs mint, shake well and strain in large size fizz glass, fill with seltzer or vichy.

THE DANDY COCKTAIL.

(By Robert A. Manze, 644 Bleecker St., Utica, N. Y.) Use mixing glass; cracked ice; one dash Angostura bitters; one dash gum; one dash Creme de Coco; one-half whiskey glass Orange Curacao; one-half glass Italian Vermouth; strain in cocktail glass and serve with cherry.

RUSSET COCKTAIL.

(By L. M. Becker, 2700 Laharpe St., New Orleans, La.) Use tumbler; one jigger Ojen; three or four dashes Peychaud bitters; fill tumbler half full of ice; stir with spoon and while stirring let about a tablespoon of seltzer drop in the glass, then strain into a thin punch glass and serve. If you have no Ojen use about four dashes of gum syrup and one jigger of Mallocca as a substitute.

ROOT AND RUSSELL ROUGH IT.

Having lost to Jack Root in a ten-round fight at Kalamazoo, Mich., Feb. 26, Fred Russell, of Denver, made a savage attack on Root after the decision was announced, and before the fighters were separated both were groggy.

Science was flung to the wind and fouts "went."

Gouging was in order, too, and "boots" were brought into play too as well, Root getting kicked in the stomach.

Root was the aggressor all the time in the ten-round go, and in two rounds had Russell all but out. Russell was twenty pounds heavier than Root and had all the advantage of reach. In the seventh Root caught Russell with a hard right to the ribs, and had him staggering about the ring. Russell held out by clinching. In the tenth Root had Russell groggy. Russell challenged Root to another fight.

BIG CHIEF.

[WITH PHOTO.]

The bull terrier Big Chief, A. K. C. S. B., No. 89536, is a son of the celebrated Brooklyn dog Fire Chief, and is one of the finest bull terriers in America. He is owned by J. E. Rogers, a well-known breeder of 255 Whitney Place, Buffalo, N. Y.

DONOVAN DEFEATED M'CARTHY.

Mike Donovan gave Tommy McCarthy an awful grueling for twelve rounds at Rochester, N. Y., on Feb. 28. The men were scheduled to travel fifteen rounds, but the severe punishment handed out by Donovan was too much for McCarthy to last the limit. McCarthy made a game fight and won many admirers.

AGENTS WANTED.

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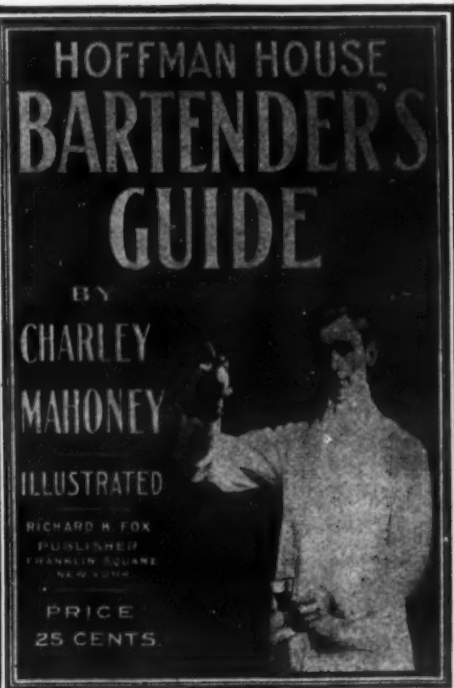
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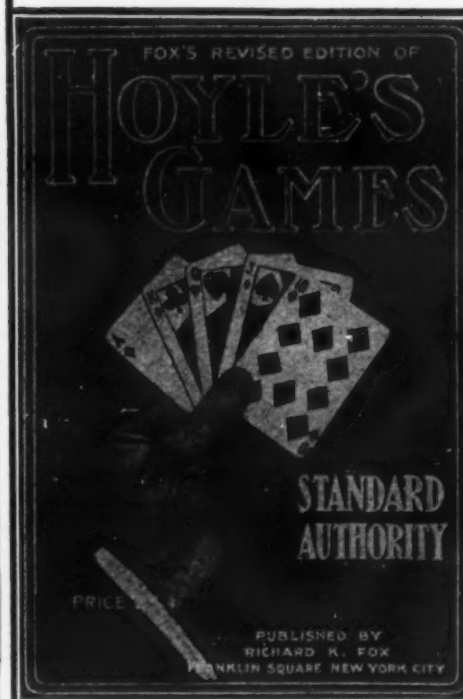
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THE BARBERS FROLIC.

Don't forget that annual racket of Masters Barbers Association, Local No. 33, to be held at the Murray Hill Lyceum, March 25, when the best men in the business will compete for the "Police Gazette" medal, emblematic of the championship. There'll be a good time, a close contest and an enjoyable evening for everybody.

HESELL WAS HANDICAPPED.

The feature bout, slated for fifteen rounds, between Tommy Quill, of Brockton, and Kid Hessel, at the Rhode Island A. C., at Thornton, R. I., on Feb. 27, ended with the third round, Referee Abbot stopping the battle and awarding the decision to the former.

Hessel was up against it hard, for in the first round he broke his left hand and fought through the third under a great handicap. Quill administered considerable punishment while the fight lasted, boring in with terrific short-arm body jolts, which had Hessel in distress.

The Brockton schoolboy did not have the force necessary to stow away his crippled opponent, and was kept pretty busy much of the time avoiding the vicious right swings that Hessel sent in.

DO YOU LIKE DOGS?

A limited number of copies of the very fine double page of pit bull dogs printed in last week's issue have been struck off on heavy coated white paper suitable for framing. It would cost at least \$2.00 to buy such a picture in any store in the country. While they last single copies will be sent to anyone remitting \$1 for a thirteen weeks' subscription to the Police Gazette. In no other way can a copy be obtained, as they are not for sale.

SMITH NOT SUCH A TORNADO.

It took Sam McVey, the big colored heavyweight, about ten seconds to knock out Tornado Smith, at Bakersfield, Cal., recently. The Tornado was out for ten minutes.

At the opening of the fight, which was scheduled to go twenty rounds, Smith led off, and danced in promising fashion. McVey waded in and placed a stinging blow over the heart that sprawled Smith about the floor and rolled him three feet by the force of the punch.

The six-round preliminary was a sensational affair. Indian Joe, a full-blooded Mojave Indian, simply outclassed Kid Jackson, a white boxer, but he did not know the rules and lost on a foul.

FIVE HOT BOUTS.

All of the bouts at the weekly entertainment of the National A. C., Philadelphia, on Mar. 3, were red hot affairs, and two were knockouts.

In the curtain raiser, Johnny Dugan, of this city, and Charley Mulhall, of Summit Hill, Pa., were the principals. It was short and sweet, very much the latter, and was chock full of action. After one minute of fighting, Dugan crossed his right to the jaw and Mulhall went down. He came up groggy and Dugan went for his body and jaw, Charley again going down, this time for a count of nine. Dugan kept after him and Mulhall made a feeble rally when Dugan once more felled him with a right to the jaw. Referee Jack McGuigan at once stopped the contest.

The next bout brought together Larry Connolly, of Boston, who took the place of Young Donahue, and Eddie Chambers, of Philadelphia. It was another great bout and it had the house in a tumult for the whole six rounds. Chambers scored a knockdown in the first round with a left swing to the face, but the Bostonian evened things up by driving Eddie through the ropes.

In the third bout of the evening, Billy Willis, of Southwark, met Tommy Lowe, of Washington. But

one thing marred this bout and that was too much clinching, apart from this it was a good go. In the first round Lowe cornered Willis, but Billy suddenly shot out his right and it landed on Lowe's chin, dropping the latter. In the second round they came to a clinch and a great mix-up of blows to the body followed. In a fast exchange on the ropes Willis went to his knees. Billy sent several right swings, marked with a wicked label, but they invariably missed the mark.

The semi-wind-up was between McGuigan's champion, Jack O'Neill, and Joe Nelson, of Boston. Like the opening preliminary it was short and sweet and lasted just one round. Nelson started off like a winner and he had all the better of the going. A moment before the bell announced the end of the round, O'Neill, who had been boring in all the time, crossed his right to Nelson's jaw and the latter fell like a log. His seconds rushed him to his corner and worked hard on him during the minute's rest, but he was unable to continue.

The principals in the windup were Billy Burke, of Richmond, and Tommy Sullivan, of Lawrence, Mass. It was a rattling good and fast bout, and, while it went the limit, Sullivan was the winner. The Bostonian was the aggressor for the whole six rounds and he never gave Burke a moment's rest. He was after Burke all the time and he rained a storm of blows to Burke's jaw. Burke was slow in the first round but just as the bell rang he sent his left to Sullivan's face and pushed the latter to the floor. Billy gained confidence in the second round and he jabbed his left to the face often and in several of the mix-ups that followed he more than held his own. Sullivan, however, was always full of fight and at close quarters he pummeled Burke's body and kidneys, having all the best of the fighting.

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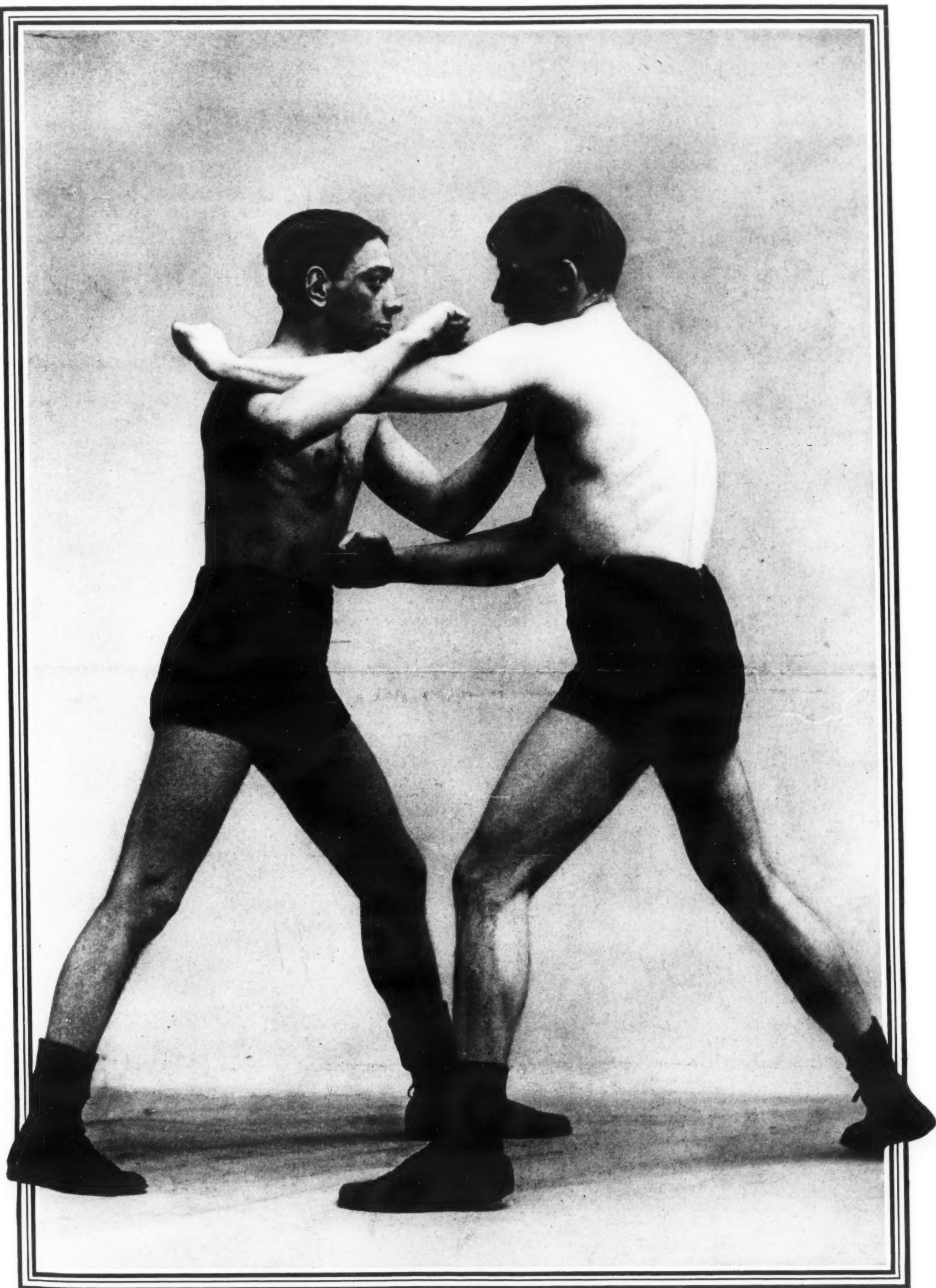


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